VOL. CCVIII, No. 2747

Fit "TripleX"- Reg'd and be safe

THE SPHERE, MARCH 8, 1952
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 2/-

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

KING SIX CIGARS

Backed by over a hundred years of perfect blending

MADE BY J. R. FREEMAN & SON LTD.

Grant's Stand Fast Scotch Whisky

McVITIE & PRICE
Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits
EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

GREYS are great CIGARETTES

BRITISH SEAGULL
"The best Outboard Motor in the World"
THE BRITISH SEAGULL CO LTD., POOLE, DORSET Telephone: POOLE 818

By Appointment Toilet Soap Makers to H.M. King George VI
Fine English Soaps in the Bronnley Tradition

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.
SANITARY POLISH MANUFACTURERS. RONUK LTD., PORTSLADE.
RONUK POLISHES

TRADE MARK
A word in any season— Bass

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
All classes of insurance transacted
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
MOTOR POLICIES

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Office : Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2

DEAUVILLE

" LA PLAGE FLEURIE "

EASTER

NORMANDY HOTEL & RESTAURANT
CASINO · NEW GOLF
Sporting Tennis Club · Physical Culture

WHITSUNTIDE

ROYAL HOTEL · GOLF HOTEL · NORMANDY HOTEL
CASINO · AMBASSADEURS RESTAURANT

AT HONFLEUR · May 30th, 31st and June 1st
Beautiful Pageantry, including Gala, for participants at Deauville Casino

JULY 10 to 13 International Horse Show

"GRANDE QUINZAINE INTERNATIONALE"
July 17 to August 3 At The New Golf (2 Courses)

JULY 17 Exhibition Match between two International Champions
,, **18-20** Thion de la Chaume Cup
,, **22-24** French Seniors
,, **25-27** International Seniors Cup (Open all Senior International Associations)
,, **27-Aug. 3** Grand Prix de Golf du Casino de Deauville

,, **18-27** Pigeon Shooting (1st Meeting)
,, **28-Aug. 3** International Bridge Tournament

JULY - AUGUST - SEPTEMBER
HORSE-RACING AT BOTH COURSES
Sunday, 31st August, Grand Prix
During August Sales of Yearlings—
Polo Season: 20 Important Matches, with "World Open Championship"

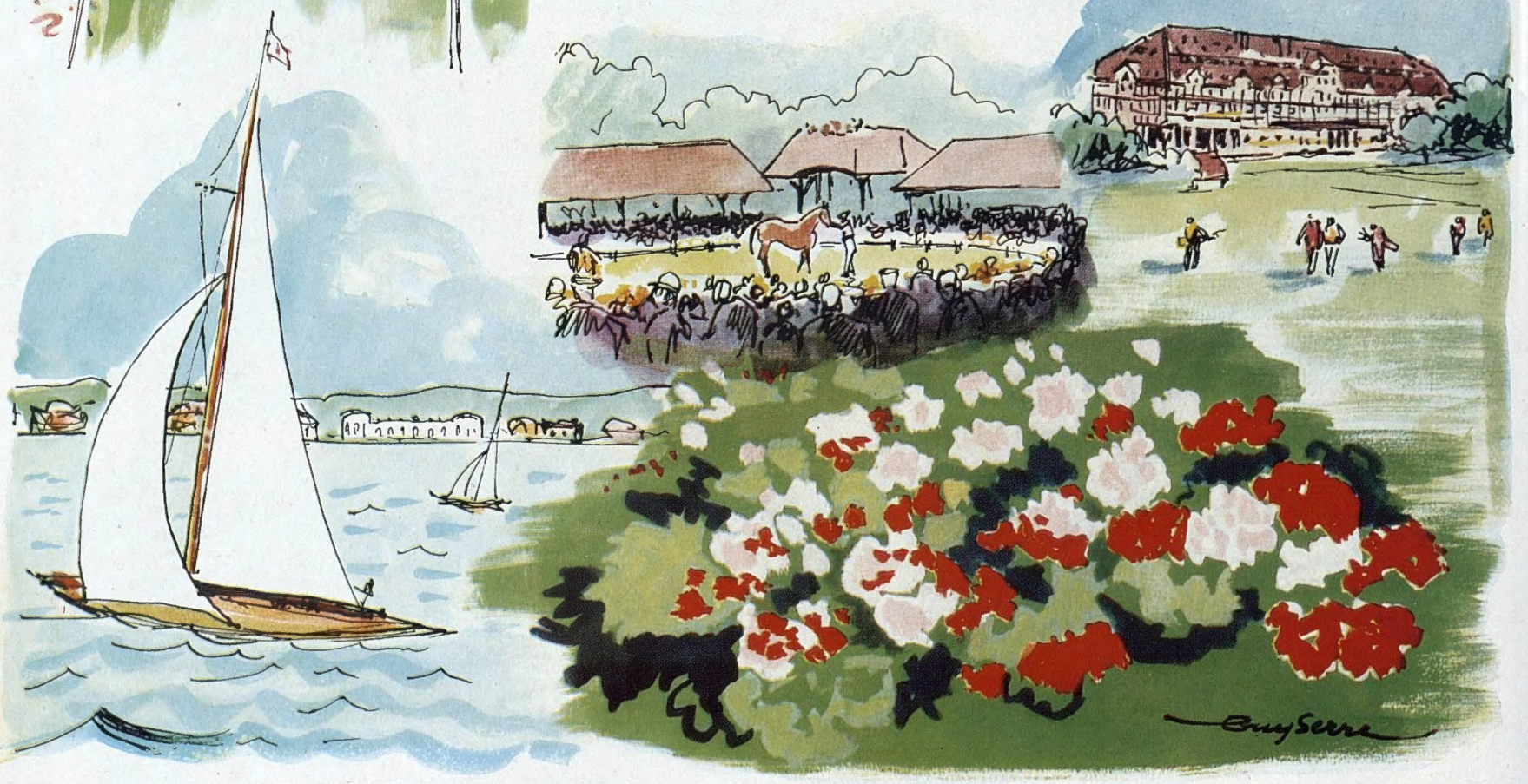
SEPTEMBER
NEW GOLF . "Les Coupes d'Or de Deauville"

REGULAR AIR SERVICE FROM LONDON TO DEAUVILLE

where new runway has been laid and clubhouse modernised

SEASON FROM EASTER TO OCTOBER

President and General Director . François André



IMPERIAL LEATHER

HAND-FINISHED

Toilet Soaps

A Cussons product

CUSSONS SONS & CO LTD, 84 BROOK ST, LONDON W.1

Paris designers are using

Jacqmar

Shantung taffetas

Printed paper-tussores

Fine worsted suitings

By the yard at

Jacqmar

16 GROSVENOR STREET W.1

But, please, no patterns !

The BRUSH *that really brushes*

Such a thorough brushing, such a delightful feeling of comfort, as the Mason Pearson goes through your hair ! Each tuft of this famous brush consists of one long and several short strands, in nylon or stout wild boar bristle. Feel how the long, springy strands delve deep into your hair ! Gently but thoroughly massaging the scalp, they loosen all dust and dandruff, which is swept out by the shorter, thinner strands . . . restoring your hair-style as the hairdresser left it ! Mason Pearson, the original pneumatic rubber cushion hair brushes, were patented in 1885. In attractive colours, prices from 21/- to 75/- (incl. Purchase Tax). Cleaner supplied with every brush. *At Boots and all other leading chemists, hairdressers and stores.*

Mason Pearson Brothers
70, Piccadilly, W.1

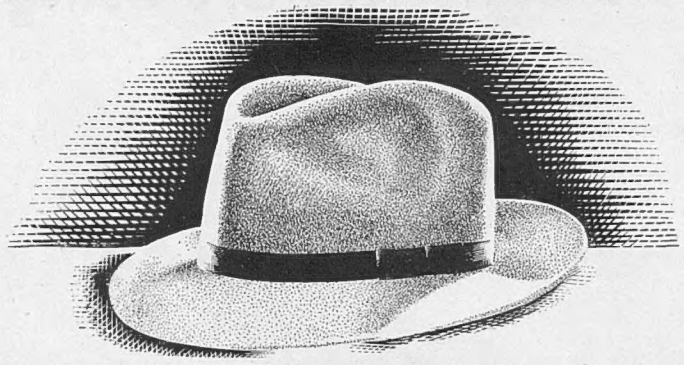
MASON PEARSON
London England

MAPLE

The largest Furnishing House in the World

EXAMPLES OF FINE QUALITY FURNITURE BY MAPLE'S OWN CRAFTSMEN

MAPLE & CO. LTD. TOTTENHAM COURT RD. LONDON, W.1
BIRMINGHAM · BOURNEMOUTH · BRIGHTON · BRISTOL · LEEDS · LEICESTER · NOTTINGHAM



CHRISTYS' ROLLAWAY

The most comfortable hat made — weighs only two ounces — ideal for business yet casual enough to wear with sports clothes.

Available in a good range of colours.

CHRISTYS' HATS

OBTAINABLE FROM

CHRISTY & CO. LTD., 35 GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.3

(Entrance in Lombard Court)

and good class men's shops everywhere

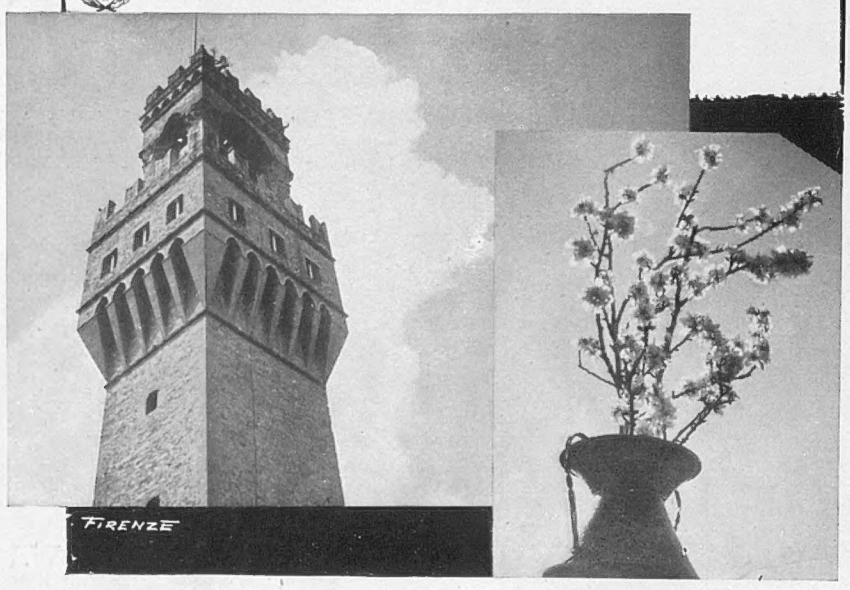
Italy

SPRINGTIME IN ITALY

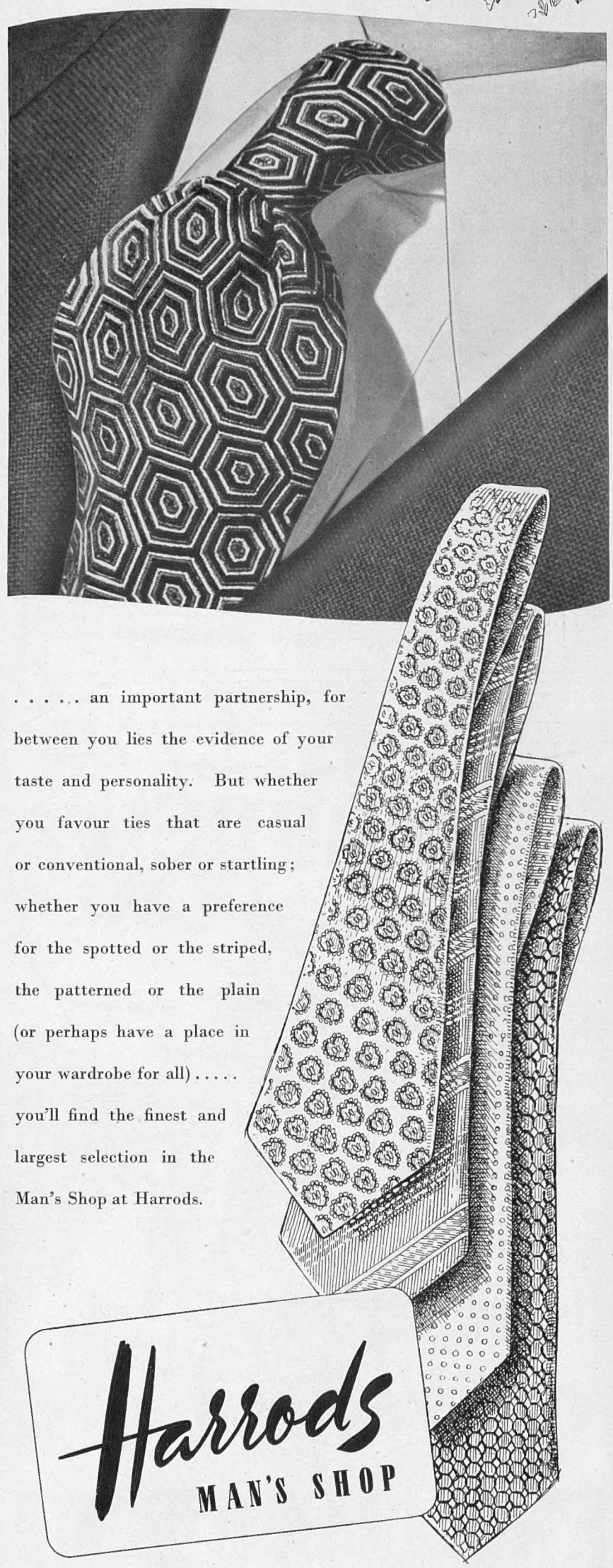
. . . . The marvellous re-awakening of nature in her cities, glittering gems in the history of art.

Reductions for tourists on the cost of railway travel and petrol. "Travel at will" railway tickets. Petrol coupons.

Information from ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE (ENIT), 201, Regent Street, London, W.1, and all Travel Agencies.



You and your TIE



. . . . . an important partnership, for between you lies the evidence of your taste and personality. But whether you favour ties that are casual or conventional, sober or startling; whether you have a preference for the spotted or the striped, the patterned or the plain (or perhaps have a place in your wardrobe for all) . . . . . you'll find the finest and largest selection in the Man's Shop at Harrods.

Harrods

MAN'S SHOP

HARRODS LTD SLOane 1234 KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1

Volume CCVIII No. 2717

The SPHERE, London, March 8, 1952

The SPHERE

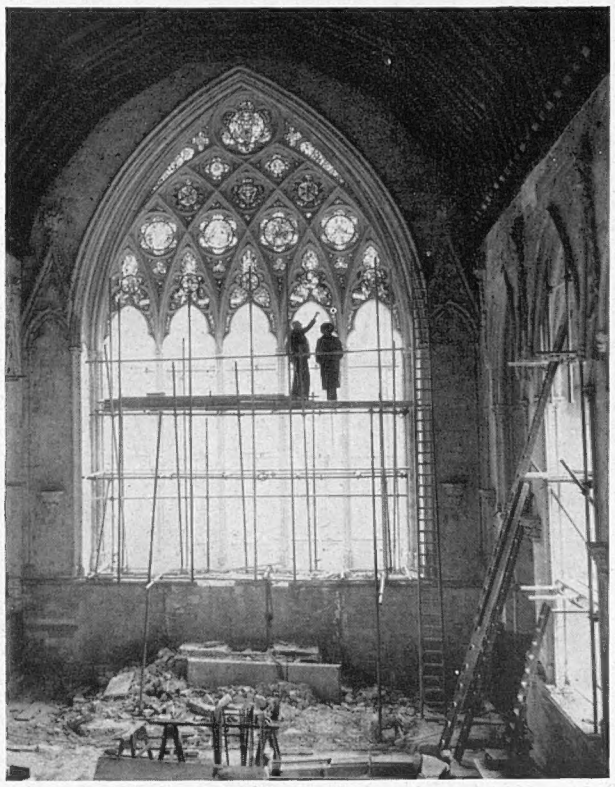
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

A FINANCIAL CRISIS IN FRANCE—M. PAUL REYNAUD, THE INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE STATESMAN WHO WAS A WARTIME LEADER OF FRANCE, TALKING WITH JOURNALISTS ON THE STEPS OF THE ELYSEE PALACE AFTER HE HAD CONFERRED WITH PRESIDENT AURIOL REGARDING THE FORMATION OF A NEW GOVERNMENT: M. Reynaud had to admit defeat last Sunday when the Socialists said that they would not take part in any National Union Government which included Gaullists.

"Unless we can form a Coalition immediately, France faces a financial catastrophe," declared M. Reynaud last week-end, but before the week-end was out he had had to admit failure in his attempt to produce such a Coalition. M. Reynaud, known as an exponent of austerity and as a strong man in moments of crisis, urged constitutional reform in France. "We have just seen two Governments fall," he said, "because they tried to rule without a majority. This has damaged the parliamentary regime. We have had the humiliation of seeing sessions suspended for hours and hours while Governments bargained with parties. I have always denounced the past policy which makes the working class foot the bill, and I have always stressed the privileged should make the greatest sacrifices. Only a Government of National Union can mobilise all the resources of the nation to save the country and prevent in the near future a financial catastrophe which would be the most cruel of taxes for the poor." After M. Reynaud's failure to form a Coalition, M. Pleven refused to try his hand, and so on Monday, the fifth day of the crisis, President Auriol asked M. Antoine Pinay, Minister of Transport in the outgoing Government, to attempt to find a solution. It was being suggested in Paris that should M. Pinay fail to form a middle-of-the-road Coalition the President would probably wish to discuss the situation with General de Gaulle himself, although the latter is not a Member of Parliament. (See also page 371.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

RESTORING LOVELY ST. ETHELDREDA'S



INSPECTING THE BEAUTIFUL EAST WINDOW OF ST. ETHELDREDA'S, ELY PLACE, FROM A SCAFFOLDING PLATFORM: The foreman builder, Mr. George Evans (left), and Mr. W. R. Salteld, of the architect's office, seen in the famous Roman Catholic Church in East Central London. The church is to be reopened in the summer when the work of restoring the damage it suffered in the war will be completed. The exceptionally beautiful geometrical tracery of the east window has been restored. This and the other windows are to be filled with stained glass, some of which is already in position. St. Etheldreda's was originally the private chapel belonging to the palace of the Bishops of Ely, and the present appearance of the interior, cleared of the unworthy furnishings and sculpture that had accumulated in it, with the full height of the arched timber roof no longer obstructed by beams, and with ample light now entering through the exquisitely traceried windows, suggests (says *The Times* architectural correspondent) that too little notice has been taken by recent generations of this example of the best period of Gothic architecture.

A LONDON PLEASURE STEAMER RE-LAUNCHED

THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" GOES DOWN THE SLIPWAY AT EEL PIE ISLAND: This twenty-six-year-old boat, the same age as the Queen, has just been converted at a cost of £12,000. During the war the *Queen Elizabeth* was a hospital ship in the Woolwich area. Now she will take parties of 250 up and down the Thames. She is equipped with bars, a dance floor and a dining-room.

NEW GATES FOR SHIPLAKE LOCK

PREPARING ONE OF THE LOCK GATES AT SHIPLAKE FOR FITTING IN POSITION: The massive gates weigh 2 tons each. The Shiplake Lock is situated near Henley on one of the most picturesque reaches of the Upper Thames.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Mysteries of Parliament.—The public is constantly bamboozled about the temper of the House by the Parliamentary reports of even the most sober journals. Often one might think that a "night of the long knives" was only just averted by the rising of the House after a bitter exchange of insult. Sometimes a little hint that the "finest club in the world" is still a social club is afforded us. Such an incident as the ruffling of Mr. Morrison's hair by an exuberant Tory Whip (which ended in good-humoured laughter) restores our balance. The long knives are still guiltless of enemy blood and even inkstands are not thrown about. But still the House of Commons is a place of mystery to those who seldom visit it. In any assembly in which the laws of England are enforced (as opposed to enacted), it would be eccentric to base a charge or censure on certain named actions by the accused and thereafter to object that documents which could totally disprove the charge were confidential and must not be put in as evidence for the defence. That is precisely what Messrs. Morrison and Bevan did in the Foreign Affairs debate and the censure motion against the Premier. Mr. Churchill, by quoting the sense of such documents, was able to blow sky-high the charge against him and even to surprise the Opposition back-benchers by showing that he had merely said ditto to the Americans. What the late Government agreed in principle be followed. One day I suppose the proceedings of Parliament will be daily televised, and then perhaps we shall lose that uneasy feeling that much of the Parliamentary debating is a private game, an unreality, a waste of time, a mere game of canasta in the "finest club in the world." Meanwhile we assume that in the debate in question the Premier won the game, Mr. Morrison revealed that he is still a beginner, and Mr. Bevan showed promise as a dashing and resourceful hand.

Manners Makyth Man.—Winchester may (or may not) be proud of the success of two of its alumni (Messrs. Gaitskell and Jay) in their methods of hounding out of a job for which he was well suited the highly qualified Lord Waverley. Having done the job, both remembered the motto of the old school and hastened to disclaim any personal attack in Parliament on their victim. They fell back on "the principle of the thing," as countless other little men have done when ashamed of themselves for an outburst of bad manners. "No personal attack intended"? What the columnists of the nasty Sunday papers dig out week after week about their "capitalist" victims is not excused by decent men as being a matter of principle as opposed to vulgar and partisan intrusion. These Wykehamists, with others of their party, have given us one more clear reminder of the weaknesses of the Socialist State ideal, in which mediocrity must be preferred to strength and ability, because strength of character and ability of a high order invariably breed suspicion in small minds; jealousy and suspicion. I wonder how many of the senior judges of the Bench to-day must be judged as "unsuited" to the chairmanship of this Royal Commission as Lord Waverley by these standards? Many of them from the Bench have put forth views unwelcome to Socialists, but their conduct of justice has not been called in question. "No personal attack intended?" "The fact that Mr. Churchill had recommended the appointment *only showed that the Government were determined to influence the conclusions of the Commission for their own party advantage.*" So Mr. Gaitskell suggested in Parliament, intending "no personal attack" on anybody! Manners makyth man. Socialism makyth midgets.

The Power of Leadership.—At Ilford last week the Attorney-General added one more nicely-phrased appeal to the nation to realise the danger of our position in 1952 and to save the country by its exertions. He spoke of the next six months as the most critical in our history. He said that bankruptcy could be averted if in some industries longer hours were worked by agreement, if modernisation, smooth transfer of labour and switchings to more vital production came about in others. Six months are not long for some of these remedies to show a dividend. Then he spoke of goodwill and co-operation, and expressed his belief that an inspiring appeal for an all-out effort sponsored by leaders of all parties and of labour and management and the Church and the general public, "would meet with the same cheerful response which the British public always give to frank and fearless leadership." Well, we have heard it all before, and for once I thought to examine it by reference to our history books. Is it true that we always respond to fearless leadership? If it be so, it would be no impossible task to draft a fiery nation-wide appeal signed by every leader of every party, of labour, management, Church, etc., and print, publish, broadcast and televise it non-stop for a week to the exclusion of all else. But *is* it true? Is it leadership or only the leadership which emerges *only when instant national danger is realised by all* that can evoke a nation-wide response to greatness? And is it national danger or danger to our own backyard and private interests which makes us respond? The Armada did it. We saw the Crescent of Spanish ships off the Isle of Wight. Napoleon did it. We could see the camp fires behind Boulogne. Dunkirk did it. We were all witnesses. But what dangers did we realise then?

The Danger We *Can* Realize.—We realised the Inquisition torturing our wives in *our* village, the French fiends terrifying *our* babies, the foul Nazis setting up concentration camps on *our* Commons. To-day the instant danger is economic and the average man has not a notion what it is all about. For decades on end he has heard of his national danger and grown used to it. He is ground down by taxation, and as the screw has turned and the danger grown, he has become not more national-minded but more and more concerned with his own backyard in the struggle to make two ends meet and to preserve some bearable form of existence. If he believed that this economic crisis instantly threatened the football pools and league, his favourite pub and cinema, he might see it as an economic Dunkirk. But he doesn't. The figures and statistics are too big and elaborate for his comprehension. He is fighting for his own backyard and way of life; and the balancing of a budget is a job for the Ministers he puts into power and pays for the job. He will not be persuaded of his danger by *leadership*, "though one rose from the dead"; he will not be persuaded of it until some genius can drive into his thick and fuddled brain that this new Armada, this new Boney, this new Dunkirk, is at the door of his own cottage, has infiltrated into his backyard, has parachuted down on his local football ground and is playing darts in his own local. The man who can find the phrase to drive that truth home is a genius and deserves to be a leader. But his leadership will find no response from this nation until his phrase has done its work and we see the enemy actually in our kitchen and larder. And as far as I can see from the history books, it always has been so. We respond to *personal* danger, but not to national leadership. We never have had a leader in peace, nor in the approach of danger. We get him when the danger is at its height, and we then respond finely.

Stone of Destiny.—If the Coronation Stone is the Stone of national destiny, our destiny, I fancy,

THE STONE OF SCONE IS BACK IN PLACE AGAIN

THE STONE BACK IN ITS PLACE UNDER THE CORONATION CHAIR IN THE HENRY VII CHAPEL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: The replacement of the stone was made during Evensong on February 26 and an announcement to that effect was made in the House of Commons by the Prime Minister. At the same time the Dean of Westminster said: "The Coronation chair will remain within the grille surrounding the Henry VII tomb until further notice, but will ultimately be replaced in St. Edward's Chapel." Mr. Churchill assured the House that all proper consultations had been made and that the course taken was a right and proper one. One M.P. said the decision would cause profound disappointment in Scotland, as many of her Majesty's loyal Scottish subjects had wished for the stone to be kept in Edinburgh. Since its return to Westminster, from where it was stolen in 1950, the stone has been locked in the Abbey vaults.

is safeguarded henceforth against foreseeable dangers. Unlike the fighting divisions to be this year available to N.A.T.O., the Coronation Stone understates its reliability. Its protection is not on paper. It will require an army of experts with all the latest devices for lifting and haulage, and the disconnection of devices for alarm, electric shocks and other torments, to remove the Stone. Dr. Don can sleep quiet in his bed. I only hope that Ike may enjoy the same serene repose during his necessary hours in bed. For, in truth, our destiny relies much more on Ike than on Don, on N.A.T.O. than on the Coronation Stone, and already we are made aware by decisions in the French Parliament that the defence of Europe against aggression this year or next is little further advanced than a blue-print. I was struck by the devastating and unusual showing-up of the triumphantly announced "business-done" for N.A.T.O. published in *The Times* on the morning after the announcement, and there is something to be said for the argument that it might prove rather a red rag to the bull than a deterrent to aggression. The Stone of Destiny is anchored by inch-thick steel cables and hedged in by high iron grilles. Europe's international army of fifty divisions ready to take the field is not likely to convince Stalin, if it struck you and me, without assistance from leader-writers and experts, as a crude piece of wishful thinking and a rather clumsy bluff. The iron grille has still to be built in front of the Iron Curtain.

Are Burglars Vermin?—The Law has long remained Delphic concerning the citizen's rights or duty to defend himself against, intimidate, or assist to capture a burglar caught red-handed. Forty years ago, when reading for the Bar, I took note of (and still vaguely remember) an *obiter dictum* of a learned judge in this sense: "If I woke in the small hours and found a burglar in my dining-room stealing my silver spoons, I should load my double-barrelled gun, point it at his heart and pull the trigger." A hard saying, even if said *obiter*. In the next weeks we may hear from the Bench a clarification of the Law on this subject. I take it as sure that if such a burglar flourished a pistol while he lifted my spoons, I should not be wrong to fire at his heart. I am not clear whether in any circumstance I should be justified in firing at him if my life were not threatened, or whether I should be justified in "winging" him in order to prevent his escape from justice, let alone his escape with my spoons. The Law does not encourage us to possess pistols. It is too free with licences for small-bore rifles. It offers no objection to the possession of scatterguns, if appropriate licences are taken out. It does not say whether a game licence at £3 is necessary for burglar-shooting or whether the burglar is classed with rabbits and grey squirrels under a 10s. gun licence. But (as I have said) it is not at all clear on whether burglars are fair game at any price. It would be hard on a householder, after acquittal for manslaughter of a burglar, to be fined for doing the job without having taken out the appropriate licence. Wisely, perhaps, the police prefer us to rely on dialling 999, which is sometimes a remedy "too little and too late." It may be the Law will one day authorise more effective immediate action. Meanwhile, I shall follow the rule recommended for organists: "Don't shoot the burglar; he is doing his best."

English Earthquakes.—Earth tremors in England are very rare. The bigger ones recorded since the seventeenth century have a curious preference for the periods February-March and September-October. If you want to put your money on a single day of the month, choose 8. In 1750, 1756, 1761 no fewer than six historic 'quakes took place on February 8 or March 8. In 1692, it was September 8. There have been records in October also. After the violent shock recorded on March 8, 1761, Londoners became very nervous, and a "crazy soldier" prophesied London's destruction within a month by earthquake. Thousands evacuated their homes and a rather less crazy chemist made a fortune from a patent pill "good against earthquakes." In 1842 there was another scare prophecy that London would be destroyed by earthquake on St. Patrick's Day, March 17. Again, the weak-minded fled into the fields. I hope I may not be accused of offering a clever idea to cat-burglars. I doubt it. They do their job well enough in tenanted houses. They don't need earthquake scares to make things easy for them. They have the wireless on their side. They can do the job during the weather forecast or a party political broadcast.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE NEW AUSTRALIANS

By George Farwell

The Story of Emigration to the Commonwealth.

With Drawings by Frank M. Lea.

ALSO HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER IN QUEBEC

THE QUEEN DRIVES TO THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE INVESTITURE

THE FIRST INVESTITURE OF THE NEW REIGN: Queen Elizabeth II, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, as she drove from Clarence House to Buckingham Palace. She was hatless, and wore a plain black frock beneath her fur coat. The Investiture took place in the White and Gold State Ballroom with the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Clarendon, in attendance. The first to be decorated was Private William Speakman, the King's Own Scottish Borderers. First person to receive the accolade in the new reign was Vice-Admiral Maurice Mansergh, C.-in-C., Plymouth. The Queen tapped him with a sword, first on the left and then on the right shoulder, as the Admiral knelt on a faldstool in front of her. In all, fifty-five people received the accolade. Before the Investiture, the Queen, in the State dining-room, had handed medals to seven next-of-kin. The Investiture lasted fifty-five minutes.

PRIVATE SPEAKMAN, V.C., IS MOBBED BY ADMIRERS AFTER THE INVESTITURE

OUTSIDE THE PALACE GATES AFTER HE HAD BEEN HONOURED BY THE QUEEN: Private William Speakman, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the first person to be decorated in the new reign, with a crowd of admirers, among them the Mayor of Altrincham, who is seen left centre facing Speakman. Private Speakman was feted in London to a remarkable degree, and he said afterwards that he had been overwhelmed with goodwill. He was keenly looking forward to getting back to soldiering. He said that at the Investiture the Queen asked how long he had served with the Black Watch and how long he had been with his present regiment, the King's Own Scottish Borderers.

A GRANDSON OF THE KAISER WEDS

PRINCE WILHELM KARL OF PRUSSIA IS MARRIED AT DESTEDT, NEAR BRUNSWICK

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM WALKING THROUGH THE VILLAGE STREET OF DESTEDT AFTER THEIR WEDDING: Prince Wilhelm Karl of Prussia, grandson of the late Kaiser William II, with his bride, the twenty-six-year-old Baroness Armgard von Veltheim, the daughter of the Duke of Brunswick's hunting master. Prince Wilhelm Karl, who is thirty, is a son of Prince Oscar of Prussia. He works in a Holzminden perfume factory, and met his bride at a horse show some two years ago. The couple are spending their honeymoon at a holiday resort in the Austrian Alps. The bride is regarded as one of Germany's leading sportswomen.

THE FAMILY GROUP AFTER THE GERMAN ROYAL WEDDING: The bride and bridegroom and their immediate relatives gathered at Oberburg Castle, ancient seat of the Veltheim's, after the wedding ceremony at Destedt Church. On the left are Prince and Princess Oscar of Prussia. The former is the only surviving son of the late Kaiser William II. On the right are Baron Fritz and Baroness Ottilie von Veltheim.

WALKING AMONG THE SMILING VILLAGERS: Prince Wilhelm Karl of Prussia and his bride seen as they left the church. Men in hunting costume acted as escorts for the bride and bridegroom, a reminder of the fact that the bride's father holds the hereditary title of the hunting master to the Duke of Brunswick.

QUITE LIKE OLD TIMES IN BRUNSWICK: The thirty-year-old Prince Wilhelm Karl and his bride posed for this picture at Oberburg Castle after their wedding. The Prince wore the sash and the insignia of two knightly orders.

On left—

EX-KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM LEAVES EUROPE FOR SOUTH AMERICA: The ex-King, seen arriving at Lisbon with his wife, Princess de Réthy, later boarded the Dutch vessel *Almdyk* on his way to Cuba. He is a member of the expedition, headed by the Frenchman Alain Gheerbrant, which is to explore the forests of the Amazon basin and the interior of Southern Venezuela. The ex-King's pre-occupations in South America will relieve to some degree the tense situation in Brussels, where the question of Royal intervention in politics is hotly debated.

THE DAYS OF CRISIS IN FRANCE

PERSONALITIES UPON THE POLITICAL SCENE DURING THE ATTEMPT TO FORM A NEW CABINET

PRESIDENT AND MADAME AURIOL RECEIVE DISTINGUISHED GUESTS AT THE ELYSEE IN THE MIDST OF THE POLITICAL CRISIS : General of the Army Dwight Eisenhower, the Supreme Commander in Europe, and Mrs. Eisenhower being received before the banquet and reception for representatives of all international organisations now having headquarters in Paris. The banquet took place in the midst of the Cabinet crisis, which itself revealed the general financial crisis in which France is now involved. M. Auriol was in almost constant consultation with political leaders as he sought to bring about a Coalition.

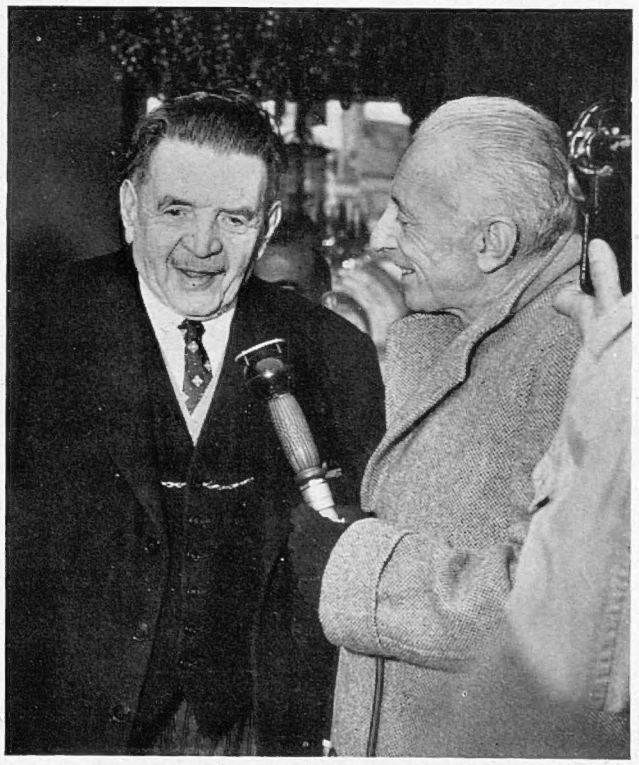
ALL FRANCE HEARS JACQUES SOUSTELLE : The Secretary-General of de Gaulle's Party, the Rally of the French People, speaking over the radio after he had been received in consultation at the Elysee by President Auriol. The Socialists, he declared, were refusing to work with the Gaullists, in a proposed Government of National Unity.

M. JEAN LETOURNEAU WAS ANOTHER VISITOR TO THE ELYSEE DURING THE FIRST DAYS OF THE CRISIS : The Minister of the Associated States of France seen leaving the Palace after conferring.

M. EDGAR FAURE, WHOSE GOVERNMENT COLLAPSED AFTER ONLY FORTY DAYS IN OFFICE : M. Faure arriving at the Elysee to confer with President Auriol. His Government was defeated by the Radicals, members of his own party, nearly all of whom voted against him, and by the Independents. The pressing character of the financial crisis in France is now generally realised, for the drain on the Treasury of 1,000,000,000 francs a day does not allow recourse to the time-honoured expedient of reshuffling the Cabinet and hoping for the best. It was widely felt in France that M. Faure was inviting inflation by his support of a plan for implementing a sliding scale of wages and salaries

On left—

JACQUES DUCLOS HANDS A STATEMENT TO THE PRESS : The portly leader of the Communist Party was also received in audience. The Communists on the one hand, and the Gaullists on the other, have been standing in the wings of the French political stage for months past awaiting the opportune moment for their respective parties.



THE GRAND OLD MAN OF FRENCH POLITICS, THE VETERAN EDOUARD HERRIOT, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY : M. Herriot speaking over the radio as he left the Elysee. As President of the Assembly he is above the political arena and unbiased in his approach to the great crisis.

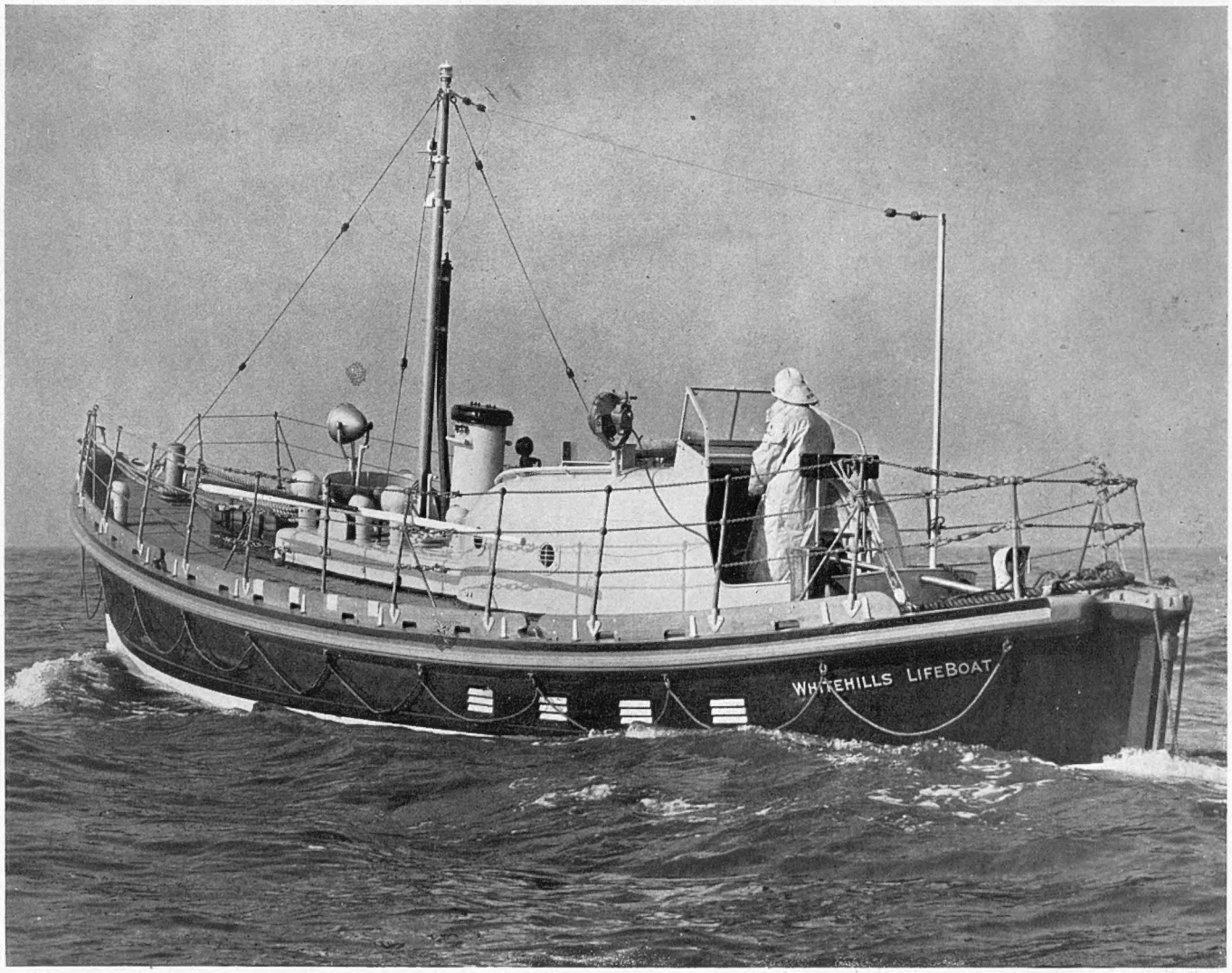
A DAY OF SUNSHINE ON THE CAM DURING THE LENT RACES: Crews in Division V rowing towards the start. Not for many years has racing among the leading crews at Cambridge been so lacking in incident, and during the four days only two bumps were recorded among the eight crews in the first Division. The fifth Division was a very much more lively affair. Jesus, who went to the head of the river on the penultimate day, had no difficulty in maintaining their position on the last day. In addition to the Jesus crew, only four gained their oars, Corpus, King's (up five places), 1st and 3rd Trinity IV, and King's III.

CONTRASTS AFLOAT: ON THE CAM AND ON THE COAST

The Lent Races in Spring Sunshine; The New Lifeboat for Whitehills

On right—

A NEW LIFEBOAT FOR THE EAST SCOTTISH COAST: This newly-built lifeboat, which is to be stationed at Whitehills, Banffshire, is seen leaving Littlehampton under the command of Commander S. Dickinson, on her trip around the coast to Scotland. Built at a cost of about £20,000, the boat is a gift from the Civil Service Lifeboat Fund, and is to be called *St. Andrew Civil Service No. 10.* The *St. Andrew* has a speed of eight knots and a range of 120 miles. She will carry a crew of eight and has room on board for about seventy people.



EXCAVATING THE INNER COURT OF THE TEMPLE OF BILQUIS IN THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S CAPITAL, IN THE YEMEN : Yemeni workmen in process of removing sand and stones during the height of the recent excavations inaugurated by Mr. Wendell Phillips, leader of the expedition organised by the American Foundation for the Study of Man. Just when it was hoped that the expedition would yield vital information regarding the mysterious history of Mareb, described as one of the richest archæological treasure houses in the world, trouble arose. Hostility and threats of violence by Yemenite officials forced the expedition to flee to Aden. Wendell Phillips and his colleagues left behind everything but the clothes on their backs and their rifles. Trucks, medical supplies and other equipment were left behind, also copies of over 5,000 inscriptions from the Sheba Temple. Mareb was celebrated in ancient times for its great dam, built, according to tradition, by the Queen of Sheba, and the bursting of which, in A.D. 120, is said to have led to the abandonment of the city, the population moving westward to found a new Himyaritic kingdom at Sana. Some say, indeed, that this was the beginning of Arab history proper. The rock-cut inscriptions and ruins of Mareb have never been fully surveyed.

HOSTILITY HALTS THE EXPLORATION OF SHEBA'S CAPITAL

The Wendell Phillips Expedition Meets with Disaster in the Midst of its Activities—A Sudden Flight to Aden

THE KING OF THE YEMEN, WHO GAVE PERMISSION TO WENDELL PHILLIPS TO EXCAVATE AT MAREB : This picture was taken during the signing of the agreement, which has apparently been set aside locally.

FORCED TO FLEE WITHOUT THEIR EQUIPMENT AND THEIR TREASURES : Wendell Phillips (right), the leader of the American Expedition to Mareb, seen with Professor Frank Allbright, chief archæologist, and one of their finds made in the vicinity of the Queen of Sheba's Temple. This bronze statue is said to be over 2,500 years old.

NAVAL MEN ASSIST IN THE BERTHING OF A PASSENGER SHIP IN VALETTA GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA: The *Esperance Bay* is seen at her anchorage after being berthed by tugs manned by sailors. Dockyard workers and other employees of the three Services departments in Malta were on strike over a wage-increase dispute. The workers, members of the General Workers' Union, which called the strike, had asked for an additional 14s. per week, the amount granted recently to Malta Government employees. During the negotiations they declined the offer of an Admiralty increase of 10s. per week. On the left is the tourist ship *Oslofjord*.

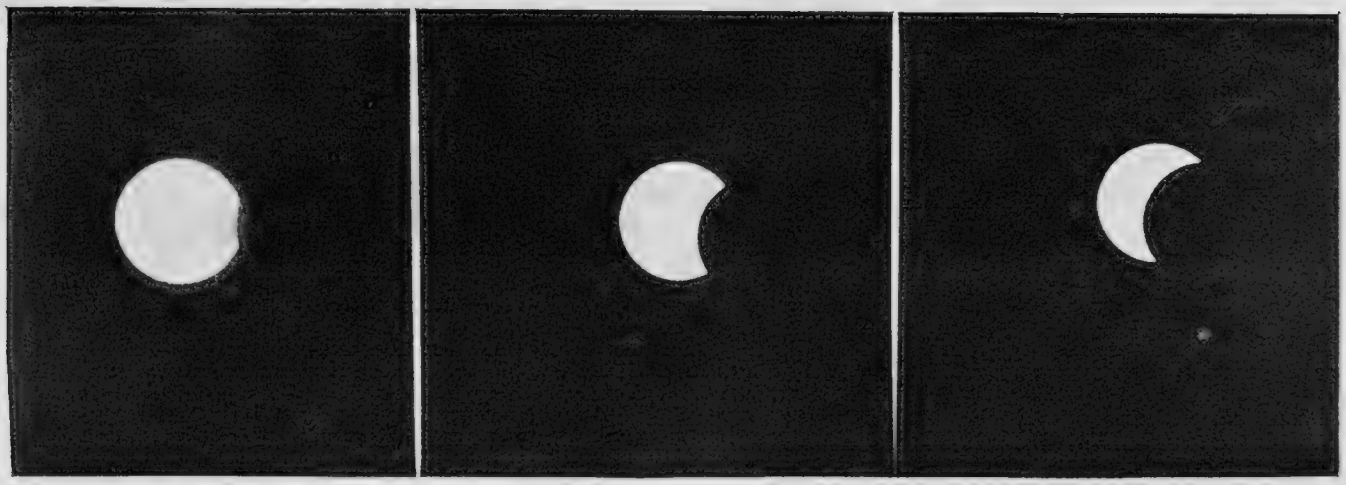
SHIPS OF MANY NATIONS RENDEZVOUS AT MALTA

Naval and Mercantile Ships are Affected by the Dockyard Works Strike; The Start of the N.A.T.O. Manœuvres

H.M.S. "CLEOPATRA" ARRIVES FROM CYRENAICA: Men of the 1st Battalion The Highland Light Infantry line the decks of the cruiser as she enters Harbour. They were to be based in Malta during the duration of the strike.

UNITS OF THE ITALIAN FLEET ASSEMBLE FOR EXERCISES WITH NAVIES OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION COUNTRIES: At the Reserve Fleet moorings are the Italian water-carrier *Volturno*, with the oiler *Proteo* on her port side, and the depot ship *Stromboli*. Altogether twenty Italian ships arrived to take part in the N.A.T.O. manœuvres. In the background is the British Reserve Fleet flagship H.M.S. *Tyne*, with the destroyer *Chieftain* alongside

BRITISH AND ITALIAN WARSHIPS PREPARE FOR MANŒUVRES: *Left*—The British submarine depot ship *Forth*, dressed overall in commemoration of George Washington's birthday, is seen at her anchorage with H.M. submarines *Tabard* and *Sturdy* and the U.S.S. *Chopper* alongside. *Right*—The Italian cruiser *Giuseppe Garibaldi* passing below the Lower Barrakka Gardens on her way to take part in the Exercises. About 200 ships and hundreds of aircraft took part in the nine-day exercise, the purpose of which was to provide tactical training in combined operations over a long period, to test the ability of men in ships and aircraft of Allied nations to work together in defence of the Mediterranean against "any possible aggressor."



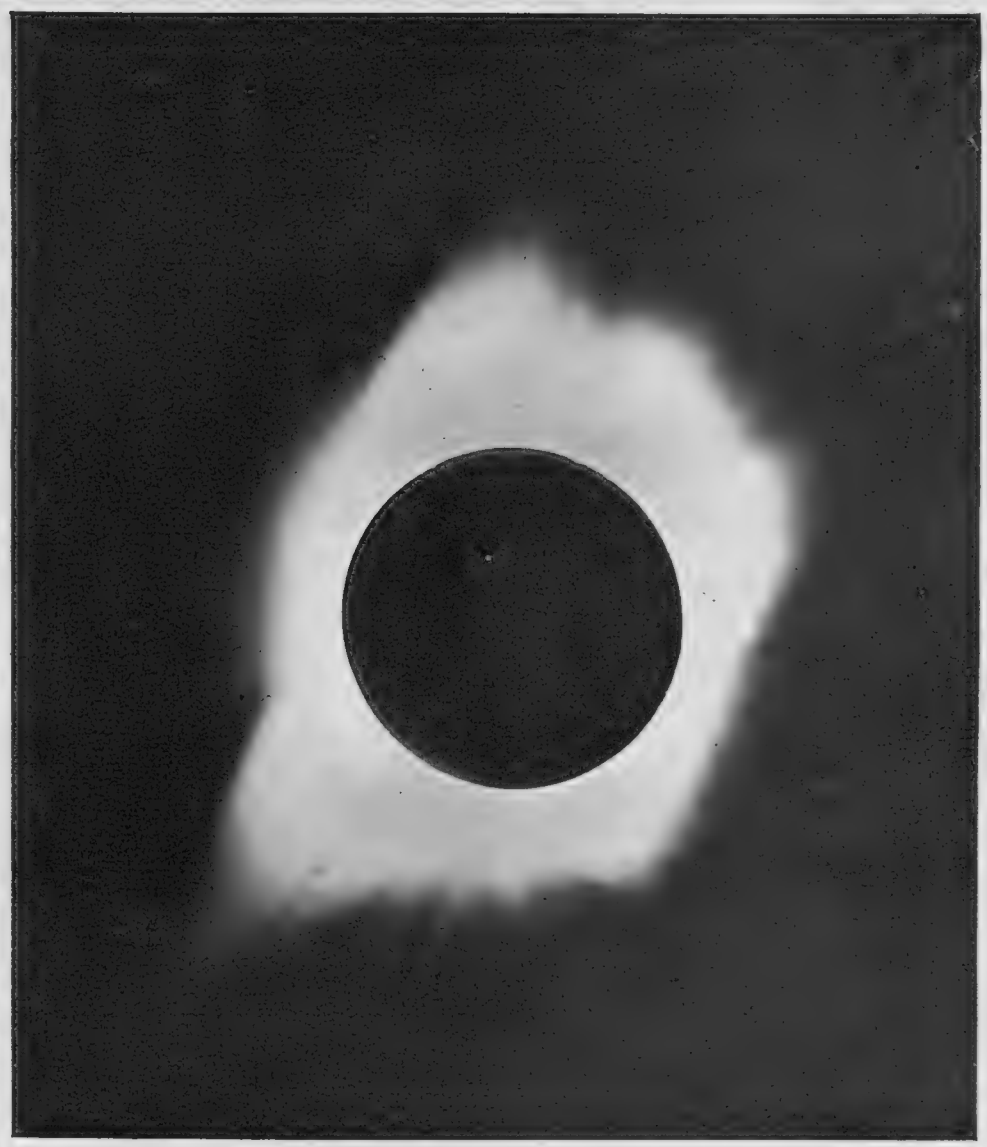
THE SOLAR ECLIPSE

THE MOON SLIDES IN FRONT OF THE SUN AND A SHADOW, 9,000 MILES LONG AND 85 MILES WIDE, IS THROWN OVER THE FACE OF THE EARTH

THREE SUCCESSIVE PHASES OF THE RECENT SOLAR ECLIPSE: The moon is seen as it gradually exerted its dominance during the eclipse on February 25, which was viewed by astronomers to good advantage from temporary quarters which they fixed up for the occasion at Khartoum. The last total solar eclipse visible in Great Britain was on June 29, 1927, when a Greenwich expedition studied it from Giggleswick, Yorkshire, gaining valuable information. The next will be on August 11, 1999, visible in Cornwall.

Eclipses of the sun have always been fruitful in discovery, for only when the bright solar disc is covered can the sun's atmosphere be effectively studied. The eclipse of 1868 resulted in the discovery of helium in the sun, twenty-seven years before it was found to be a constituent of one of the rare earths, cleveite. The eclipse of 1919 provided an opportunity to prove Einstein's generalised theory of relativity by showing that light was attracted by the sun and deflected from a straight path.

As ever on such occasions, the total eclipse took an army of astronomers to the scene of best visibility, and they took with them special portable equipment for the occasion. With the sky clear and visibility good, the astronomers obtained some good pictures. In Khartoum there were no signs of fear or panic among the Sudanese, who had been hearing of the eclipse for weeks over the wireless and in the newspapers. Special prayers were said in mosques in accordance with Muslim doctrine for such occasions. Meanwhile, in India 1,000,000 devout Hindu pilgrims bathed in the sacred lakes at Kurukshetra on the occasion of the eclipse, which had the greater significance this year because for the first time in several centuries it coincided with the Hindu bathing festival of Somavati Amavas.



THE SUN'S RAYS ILLUMINATING THE DARKENED SKY DURING THE MOMENT OF TOTAL ECLIPSE BY THE MOON: The maximum possible number of eclipses of the sun and the moon in any one year is seven. The minimum is two (both of them solar). The astronomers who gathered in the Sudan for this latest eclipse found the sky clear and visibility good. A fresh northerly wind which caused some vibration in the big photographic telescopes dropped completely during the period of total eclipse.

BEHIND THIS BARRICADE AND WIND-BREAKER THE AMERICAN ASTRONOMERS ASSEMBLED THEIR EQUIPMENT: Sixteen expeditions from ten countries gathered to watch and to record the eclipse. For 60 seconds of the three-minute peak time the sun was totally obscured. Only once in a cycle of years does such an eclipse occur. The next chance for similar observations will be in 1970.

BEFORE AND AFTER DARKNESS FELL UPON THE DESERT: These were the scenes at the U.S. National Geographic Society's camp at Khartoum as the eclipse approached, and then passed its peak at 9.9 (G.M.T.) on February 25. The phenomenon was recorded by the giant camera which is seen pointing to the skies. Radio talks and cinema programmes were employed in order to instruct the Sudanese natives and to explain that the "daylight darkness" was not the wrath of the gods.

THE INSTITUTO SUPERIOR TECNICO IN LISBON, WHERE THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY DELEGATES HAVE BEEN MEETING TO DISCUSS AMONG OTHER THINGS THE CONSTITUTION OF A EUROPEAN ARMY: As a result of this momentous meeting Britain's Foreign Secretary, Mr. Anthony Eden, was able to tell members of the House of Commons last week, "The European atmosphere, heavily charged a fortnight ago, has been lightened, and the way is clear for concrete agreements." The first session at Lisbon was in the Parliament building, and afterwards delegates moved to the spacious precincts of the Instituto Superior Tecnico, which is normally used as a school of engineering.

LISBON RECEIVES THE N.A.T.O. LEADERS

SOME PERSONALITIES AT THE ATLANTIC COUNCIL MEETING WHICH, DECLARES MR. EDEN, HAS LIGHTENED THE EUROPEAN ATMOSPHERE

"Lisbon was a struggle between the generals and the politicians," ran one headline after the conclusion of the N.A.T.O. conference. Apparently the politicians won, because they returned to their various capitals glowing with the achievements recorded and conscious of the fact that they had really laid the groundwork of understanding. As regards the fifty divisions of the European Army which N.A.T.O. "brought into being," there is a feeling that this is somewhat of a phantom army, for the conditions of combat readiness vary; they vary enormously, in fact. The main result of the meeting, however, is that at least the groundwork of European defence has been achieved. Britain's contribution to the European armament programme is plain for all to see, but France, shuddering under the strain of production, has been asked to do still more. Whether her present economy can stand up to this is problematical.

Many people asked at Lisbon why General Eisenhower did not appear on the scene in his capacity as Supreme Commander in Europe. Apparently he was standing ready at S.H.A.P.E. headquarters near Paris to make a flight to Lisbon, but the expected major differences among the politicians did not materialise.

A HOST TO THE NORTH ATLANTIC LEADERS: Dr. Paulo Cunha, the Portuguese Foreign Minister, who welcomed delegates to the Ninth General Session of the North Atlantic Treaty Council, in the Parliament building in Lisbon. He is seen here at his desk in the Portuguese Foreign Ministry. Behind him on the wall is a portrait by the Italian Master, Pelligrini, of Dom Antonio Araujo de Azevedo, Count de Barca, who was Portugal's Foreign Minister during the reign of King John VI in the early years of the nineteenth century.

GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY, OF THE UNITED STATES, PRESENTS A NATIONAL DEFENCE MEDAL TO GENERAL PASSOS SOUZA, OF PORTUGAL: As Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington, General Bradley has had a considerable say in formulating the plans for a European Defence Army.

A DOMINANT NEW FIGURE IN NORTH ATLANTIC AFFAIRS: Mr. Lester Pearson, Canadian Minister for External Affairs, watching a military parade before the start of the conference in Lisbon. After the refusal of Sir Oliver Franks to take the post of Secretary-General to the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, Mr. Pearson's name was being canvassed in this connection. Another likely candidate was Dr. Stikker, of the Netherlands.

THE CANADIAN DEFENCE MINISTER, MR. BROOKE CLAXTON, DELIVERS HIS HALF-HUMOROUS TOAST OF "PEACE AT ALL COST": Mr. Claxton (right, standing) raising his glass to fellow N.A.T.O. delegates at the luncheon given in the fortress of Sao Jullao da Barra by the Portuguese Defence Minister, Lieut.-Colonel Santos Costa. Left to right in this group are M. Bourges-Maunoury, of France; Lieut.-Colonel Costa, the host; B. E. M. de Greef, of Belgium; General Sahap Gurler, of Turkey; C. Staf, of Holland; Rear-Admiral Americo Thomas, of Portugal; and Admiral Grover, of the United States.

AT THE PORTUGUESE DEFENCE MINISTER'S LUNCHEON: Left to right round the table during lunch: Dutch Defence Minister C. Staf; Portuguese Marine Minister Rear-Admiral Americo Thomas; Admiral Grover, Chief of the U.S.A. Naval Staff; Vice-Admiral Ortins de Bettencourt, C.-in-C. Portuguese Defence Forces; Lieut.-Colonel Richard Walters (General Eisenhower's interpreter of French and Portuguese); and Icelandic Defence Minister P. Benediksson.

MORE PERSONALITIES AT THE FORTRESS LUNCHEON GIVEN BY LIEUT.-COLONEL FERNANDO SANTOS COSTA—Left to right (facing camera): Colonel Vieira de Fonseca; General Dom Miguel Pereira Countinho (Military Governor of Lisbon); General Charles Faulkes of Canada; Joseph Bech of Luxembourg; and Nils Langhelle of Norway. *Below*, reading from left to right: Admiral E. C. J. Qvistgaard of Denmark; the Hon. Randolfo Pacciardi of Italy; U.S.A. Defence Minister Robert Lovett; Canadian Defence Minister Brooke Claxton; Alexander Sakellariou of Greece; General Abranche Pinto of Portugal, and General Gruenther, American Chief of Staff at S.H.A.P.E.

MR. LESTER PEARSON ARRIVES AT THE PORTUGUESE PARLIAMENT BUILDING PRECEDED BY PORTUGAL'S CHIEF OF PROTOCOL: Mr. Pearson is about to ascend the long stairs beside which, with drawn swords, stand the picturesquely-clad Portuguese guards. Mr. Pearson's status within the Atlantic Treaty Organisation has been the subject of much speculation.

DR. SALAZAR WITH THE WIVES OF LEADING N.A.T.O. DELEGATES: The Portuguese leader seated between Signora Alcide de Gasperi (left), the wife of the Italian Prime Minister, and Madame Bourges-Maunoury, wife of the French Minister for Armaments in the Faure Government. Dr. Salazar first took office in Portugal in 1928, when he was for a brief period Minister of Finance. As Premier from 1932 he drafted Portugal's new constitution.

A FOREIGN NEWS COMMENTARY

A Pictorial Survey of Events Abroad, with Notes

By FERDINAND TUOHY

TWENTY-NINE GREEKS, CHARGED WITH ESPIONAGE AND HIGH TREASON, ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE COURT IN ATHENS : Some of the accused seated in the well of the court during the proceedings. It is said that they operated a Communist organisation, transmitting military intelligence to the Cominform.

Greek Communists Face Their Accusers.—Since the Americans set appropriations aside with which to attract refugees from behind the "Iron Curtain" and perhaps to comfort other folk obliged to remain, the Russians have been bawling that what Washington is really doing, is to undermine peoples friendly to the U.S.S.R., prior to falling upon them. In Paris, Vishynski struck a high note of injured innocence . . . perish the thought that *Russia* ever did any undermining!

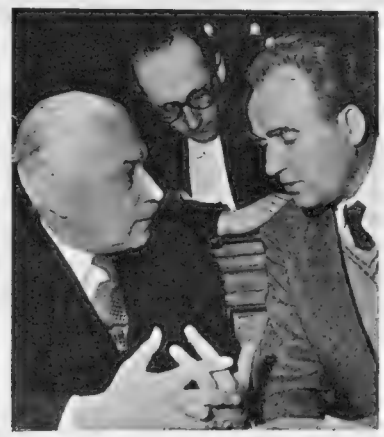
If proof were needed to the contrary (of course, it isn't), the arrogant admissions of thirty-four-year-old Nicholas Beloyannis, reputed "brains" of underground Communism in Greece and leader of the Soviet espionage network there, supply it.

The occasion was the trial of twenty-nine men and women on capital charges (several have already been sentenced to death at a previous trial, which hasn't prevented them smiling broadly in court).

There was nothing forced or demented about Beloyannis's admissions, as happens with "confessions" extracted by the U.S.S.R. He shouted that he had been sent by Moscow-Prague to reorganise the shattered Greek Communist Party and underground movement, the latter of which (he said) had existed since Lenin established it forty-nine years ago.

The band is said to have transmitted military intelligence to the Cominform (H.Q. Bucharest) on wireless sets concealed in churches round Athens.

RENAUD DE JOUVENEL AND ANDRÉ WURMSER; CO-DEFENDANTS IN THE PARIS TRIAL : They are charged with defamation of the characters of former Bulgarian, Rumanian and Polish leaders.



TWO OF THE PLAINTIFFS IN THE PARIS TRIAL : Dimitrov, former Secretary-General of the Bulgarian Agrarian Party, and Nicholas Dianu, former Rumanian Envoy to Moscow, are each claiming 1,000,000 francs damages.

A Libel Case in Paris.—The laws of libel and slander work passing strangely in the French land of "reason" and "moderation." A person awaiting trial will be written off as an "ogress" and a "murderess" and yet have no subsequent redress should she be acquitted. Write that former party politicos are in the pay of big business and they can swoop on the law courts for financial amends.

Three years ago we had the lengthy and palpitating suit by Kravchenko, author of *I Chose Freedom*, which ended in 1,000 guineas damages. A Communist author had written that K. never had the experiences he claimed, while a leading Soviet official.

A repeat performance in the shape of a "little Kravchenko" trial has been staged in the Paris Law Courts, in which there were this time three appellants : former Bulgarian leader George Dimitrov (not to be confused with the Premier of that name who went to Moscow for a cure and returned to Bucharest in a coffin), one-time Rumanian Minister to Moscow, Nicholas Dianu, and Colonel Jan Kowaleski, a Polish exile.

The defendants : Renaud de Jouvenel, who wrote the offending Communist book *Internationale of Traitors*, and André Wurmser, who contributed a preface. The compilation sets one in mind of the notorious "Black Book," said to contain the names and frailties of 47,000 citizens of some mark, beginning at Downing Street, which the late Pemberton Billing dangled briefly in 1918.

The Paris plaintiffs asked £1,000 apiece for alleged defamation of character.

THE JAPANESE COMMUNISTS ON TRIAL : First Lieutenant M. Andrews, of the United States Army, who has been appointed counsel for the seven Japanese Communists accused of spying on U.S. military forces in Japan, seen with his clients during their trial at the Finance Building in Tokyo. The accused are—Shighizo Iida, Toshizo Okubo, Isac Nakayama, Tatsuo Ishimoda, Sanzo Shiraishi, Kazushige Kikuchi, and Ichiro Marmyama.

On right—

THE FIVE CONGRESS MEMBERS OF THE LIBYAN PARLIAMENT HEAR SOME FATEFUL NEWS : Leaving the Government building in Tripoli after being told that Sadawi Bey, the Party leader, had been arrested and deported.

Trouble Brews in Tripoli.—Just seven weeks after its birth as the first new State created by the United Nations, Libya effervesced locally at Tripoli on the occasion of initial parliamentary elections. There were killed and wounded, but the principal happening was the deportation of the Egyptian-inspired leader of the Congress Party, Bescir Bey Sadawi, and his immediate supporters. Though born a Tripolitanian, Bescir had a Saudi Arabian passport, so it was convenient to pop him into an aircraft for Cairo.

The Cairo-inspired strategy is for Muslim uprisings and challenges to spread from the Nile Delta, across the new joint kingdom of Cyrenaica and Tripolitania, onwards up through French-supervised Tunisia, and eventually through Algeria (three departments of France) to Morocco, where the Sultan is making difficult weather with Paris.

If this chain of risings and troubles is eventually to bear full fruit, it is essential that the Tripoli staging-point must be retained in an active state. Otherwise there would be a gap of some 1,500 miles—between the Egyptian-Cyrenaican frontier and the Tunis-Tripoli border—all of which territory would respond loyally to the new King Idriss and his Government.

Tripoli town could become a very interesting spot on the Near East political map, because all five seats were won by that Congress Party whose chief has been expelled to Egypt. Will the party itself be declared outlawed. It has eight seats out of a total of fifty-five, and for the moment the Premier, Mahmud Bey, is not averse to having it as parliamentary opposition.

A NEW LEADER FOR BURMA : The Honourable Agga Maha Thray Sinthu Sir Ba U, barrister-at-law and Chief Justice of the Burmese Supreme Court, who has been named by the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League as the probable next President of Burma.

The Case of Umberto Calosso.—The successors to the young Fascists of thirty years ago, who used to go about banging people with knobbed sticks or forcing them to take big doses of castor oil, or both, have been looking for some time for suitable substitutes for these outmoded—and branded—methods of argument.

Their latest notion is to let loose swarms of bees in a restricted space, but they—the young neo-Fascists of the M.S.I.—have not yet settled on anything definite, like the emetic degradation.

Particular magnet for the experiments has been Umberto Calosso, Professor of Literature and Philosophy at Rome University, whom the student body refuses to forgive for having broadcast anti-Fascist appeals on the B.B.C. during the late war.

One day the Professor is the centre of a bombardment with red-soaked missiles ; the next, he is being silenced in his lecture hall by the release of most noxious odours. Free-for-alls, in which Fascist and anti-Fascist students pelt each other with cheap tomatoes, lamentable eggs, and books, have marked the semester, and eventually the Professor had to have protection.

PROFESSOR UMBERTO CALOSSO CARRIES ON DESPITE THE BARRAGE OF BAD EGGS AND ROTTEN TOMATOES : The Professor escorted from the University in Rome after delivering one of his lectures, the usual stormy affair in which his Fascist opponents clashed with his supporters. Rome's right-wingers do not forgive the Professor for his wartime, London broadcasts.

JOURNEY'S END FOR JOHN RICHARD BAYLISS—THE NEW YORK SEQUEL TO A LOS ANGELES BANK ROBBERY : This man, wanted for questioning in connection with a 19,000-dollar robbery, was manacled by F.B.I. agents as he stepped off a plane at La Guardia Airfield, New York, after flying from Los Angeles. Bayliss was identified following a radio description given to New York police by Los Angeles police.

Bayliss at Bay.—This was " drama " with a bang, such as any Hollywood scriptwriter might have been proud of, but it occurred in real life at New York's La Guardia Airfield.

It began in Hollywood, too : a man walked confidently into the manager's office at the Bank of America, and the manager came out and went round the desks of six cashiers, filling a brief-case with notes. Only one young woman thought " this is funny." She thought as much without noticing that the manager had a revolver shoved in his back. All the same, she said : " Phone the police."

Not long afterwards a passenger with the name of Bayliss lay back in an airliner bound for New York. He had a rug drawn over his head, and when the air stewardess reported it impossible to check on his features, the pilot had an idea. The man might draw and fire if suddenly challenged. So the pilot flashed on the lights calling on passengers to fix safety belts.

While Bayliss did so, the air hostess had ample time to note that he was indeed the character whose description had been radioed to the plane by the F.B.I. in New York (which had been notified by Hollywood).

For the balance of the journey the suspect rested, read and ate—all unsuspectingly.

The vital clue ? Someone had noticed the robber's car number, as he tore away from the bank ; the vehicle had soon been found outside the Roosevelt Hotel ; the hotel book showed that its supposed owner, a certain " John R. Bennett," had left to catch a plane for New York.

Here Bayliss was seized with a case full of dollar bills.

PROTESTS BY THE ARNO : Florentines demonstrating against the plan to construct modern buildings which they say will turn their famous city into a place of modern blocks of flats and offices. The placard on the left indicates to fellow-citizens how their city may appear after the work of the re-builders is complete. The placard on the right bears the trenchant words : " We could not defend you from destruction, but we shall defend you from reconstruction."

On right—

OPEN AGAIN AFTER 500 YEARS : The ancient Roman gate, the Porta Asinara, is about to be used once more in order to help relieve traffic congestion where the roads run through the ancient walls. Scaffolding is seen surrounding the gate as repair operations are pushed ahead. In the background is St. John's Gate, which at present takes the bulk of the traffic entering and leaving Rome in this sector.

SHIPS GREAT AND SMALL

The New Liner "Kenya Castle"; an Italian-built Ship for Russia; the Tanker "Rondefjell" on Her Maiden Voyage; and a Governor's Barge for Sierra Leone

On right—

THE 17,041-TON UNION-CASTLE LINER "KENYA CASTLE" DURING HER RECENT TRIALS OFF THE SNOW-WREATHED ISLE OF ARRAN: This fine vessel, under the command of Captain A. G. V. Patey, leaves London on her maiden voyage around Africa on April 4. She is the fifth passenger vessel which the Union-Castle Line has added to its fleet since the end of the war and the third to carry all her passengers in one class. A sister-ship, the *Rhodesia Castle*, has recently completed her maiden voyage, and a further ship of a similar type is expected to be ready for service by the end of this year. Both the *Kenya Castle* and the *Rhodesia Castle* have accommodation for 530 passengers.

AN AMPHIBIOUS SULPHUR-MINING PLANT SLIDES INTO THE WATER NEAR NEW ORLEANS: This machine, claimed to be the first of its kind in the world, will be put into operation by the Freeport Sulphur Company later this year in the Louisiana Bayou country, where difficulties in mining sulphur in the swampy country make barge-based mining plants a necessity. Other similar mining units are to be built.

THE GIANT TANKER "RONDEFJELL" ARRIVING AT CAPE TOWN ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: This ship made history as the first tanker to be built in two halves. She was constructed by John Crown and Sons at Sunderland for Olsen and Ugelstad, of Oslo. Because Crown's shipyard was too small to accommodate the entire vessel, it was decided to build her in two halves. The firm first built the after end of the tanker, which was 290 ft. long, and after it had been separately launched, the fore end, 275 ft. long, was constructed. Later, the two sections were joined together in a dry dock, the result being the fine 23,000-ton tanker in this picture. The *Rondefjell* was completed only a few months ago.

A NEW BARGE FOR THE USE OF THE GOVERNOR OF SIERRA LEONE: This 55-ft. Diesel-engined barge *Cara* has been built by John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., at their Hampton-on-Thames yard to the order of the Crown Agents for the Colonies acting on behalf of the Government of Sierra Leone. The vessel, which is about to be shipped to Freetown, will be used by the Governor of Sierra Leone for tours of inspection and ceremonial visits to District Commissioners and African chiefs, necessitating some hundreds of miles of water travel in the interior. Although in some districts periods ashore may be spent occasionally in rest houses, the barge will serve for the most part as the living and sleeping quarters, and at times the reception centre, of the Governor and his wife. The main cabin is comfortably equipped with settee berths, a "Dinette" for serving meals from the galley, and a well-fitted bathroom. Adjoining this cabin is a sunken deck furnished with a table and chairs and protected by an awning. Special attention has been given to the ventilation of the vessel and mosquito screens are fitted to all doors, windows and other openings. Twin Thornycroft Diesel engines, each of 90 b.h.p., are installed and drive the barge at a speed of 12 knots.

THE MAIN CABIN OF THE GOVERNOR'S BARGE "CARA": On ceremonial reviews the Governor will be seated in the after cockpit.

THE LAUNCHING IN ITALY OF A NEW PASSENGER-CARGO VESSEL FOR RUSSIA: The 4,000-ton motor-ship *Tobolsk* slides slowly into the ocean from her birthplace in a shipyard at Pietra Ligure, Genoa, in Italy. Built for Russia as a sister-ship to the *Norilsk*, which was launched from the same shipyards last year, the *Tobolsk* has accommodation for 346 passengers and can carry 2,000 tons of freight. It is reported that the vessel is being built at a cost of 2,500,000 dollars and that the price is to be covered by shipments of wheat and iron from the U.S.S.R.

A HECTIC DAY AT LA GUARDIA AIRPORT : Airliners on the tarmac outside the main buildings of the famous airport, when air traffic boomed as a result of the diversion of planes from nearby Newark Airport, which was shut down following a third major crash. At La Guardia, as a result, planes were coming in and taking off at the rate of one every two minutes, or 650 per day. Idlewild Airport was hardly less busy.

MUCH ADO ABOUT AIRPORTS

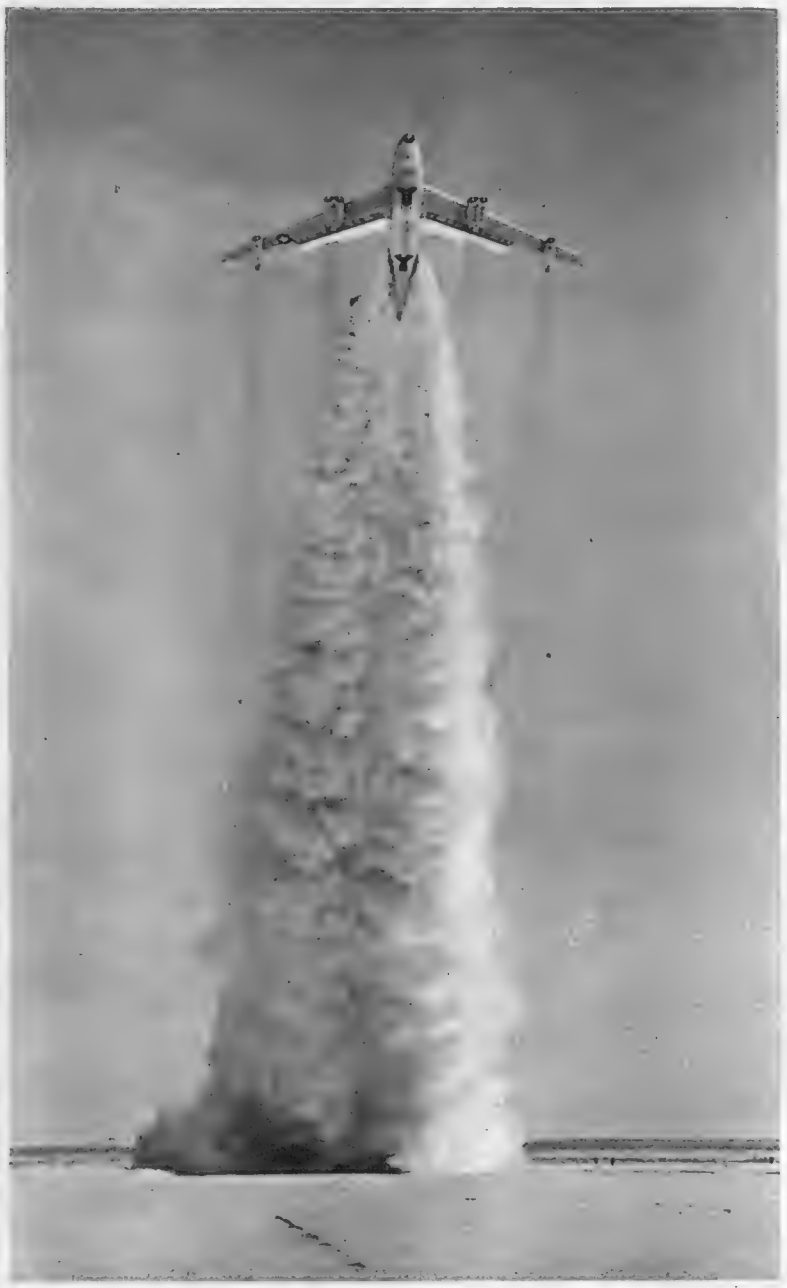
AMERICANS ARE DEEPLY CONCERNED ABOUT THEIR FLYING FIELDS WHICH STAND IN CLOSE PROXIMITY TO MAJOR CITIES

On left—

The recent air disaster at Elizabethville, New Jersey, the third major air-crash associated with the Newark Airport, has led to the diversion of aircraft from Newark to both La Guardia Field and Idlewild. These diversions have not pleased residents in the New York borough of Queens, in which La Guardia is situated, and many of them have issued bitter protests about the danger of low-flying planes. They have urged in particular that the Instrument Runway at La Guardia, which is used for bad weather landings, is quite unsuitable for the purpose owing to its close proximity to the Jackson Heights residential area.

While the campaign has proceeded in the Press a committee has been set up to co-ordinate some of the problems presented by the operation of aircraft over cities and populous areas, and Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, the veteran flyer, has been appointed chairman. The first meeting took place on February 15 at New York's Lexington Hotel.

THE FLIGHT THAT FAILED : Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, in the cockpit of the Bristol Sycamore helicopter in which, with Major B. E. M. Repton at the controls, he took off from Chelsea Barracks with the intention of paying a call at the Military College of Science at Shrivenham, Wilts. When the helicopter was aloft it was found that the fog was too thick to make the trip, so Sir William returned to the barrack square, alighted, and made the journey by car, which took 2 hrs. 30 mins., as compared with the 55 mins. which the hoverplane would have taken.



THE AMERICAN JET BOMBER IN THE 600-M.P.H. CLASS : This is a new picture of the B-47 Stratojet of the new design which is to be built at the Marietta plant of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. The machine is seen rising with jet-assisted take-off. It is powered by six J 47 engines delivering over 5,800 lb. thrust. The Stratojet is a swept-wing design with 116-ft. span, a length of 106 ft and a height of 27 ft. The range is 3,000 miles and the ceiling 40,000 ft. Three men comprise the crew of this speedy bomber, which can outfly most of the world's fighters.

A Stratford Preview

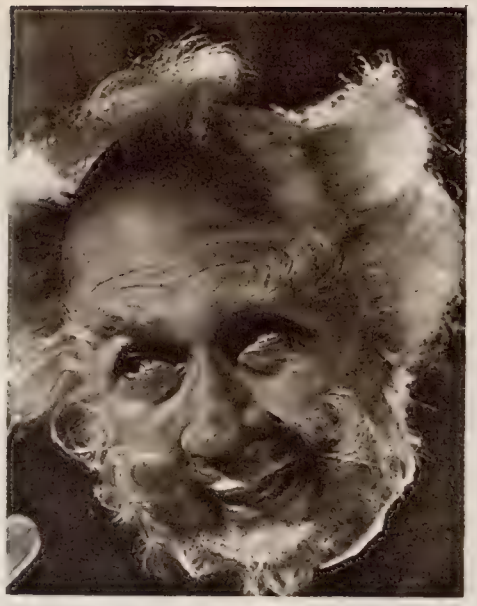
The Famous Theatre Which Through Cycles of Success and Cycles of Failure Has Grown Vastly in Stature With the Years, and Now Enters Upon Its 1952 Season—An Account of Present Plans and Possible Future Developments

BY ANTHONY QUAYLE

(*Director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon*)

SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWINGS BY CLAUDE MUNCASTER, R.W.S., R.B.A.

To the magic of Shakespeare's words and the fellowship of Shakespeare's characters, the men and women of the English-speaking races turn for spiritual refreshment, although at times perhaps our American cousins wonder at our preoccupation with the past when they see so much that is vital in the contemporary scene calling for presentation. The fact remains, however, that each year 350,000 pilgrims go to Stratford to see the plays. Soon the great trek will be beginning again, and the first of the plays will be "Coriolanus," that extraordinary story which stresses the perils of patrician pride and the shallow fickleness of the plebeian mob. Into this exacting part steps Anthony Quayle, the Director of the Stratford Memorial Theatre, who last year appeared in the historical cycle as the reprobate Falstaff. Mr. Quayle, amid all the demands of rehearsal and management, has found time to write this special article for The Sphere *on aspects of the Memorial Theatre, and at the same time* The Sphere *presents a preview of the 1952 season, in which Sir Ralph Richardson will play Prospero, Macbeth and Volpone; Margaret Leighton will play Ariel, Lady Macbeth and Rosalind, and Mary Ellis will play Volumnia. Ben Jonson's "Volpone" is being added to the repertory because of the interest value of staging a work by a contemporary of Shakespeare.*



ANTHONY QUAYLE AS SIR JOHN FALSTAFF: Mr. Quayle, the author of the accompanying article, is not only the Director of the Stratford Memorial Theatre but one of its most accomplished actors.

ONE of the most interesting things about the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre as a national institution, which it undoubtedly has become, is that it has grown as naturally and adventurously as a tree. Its development might almost appear to have been haphazard, for it has never depended on any comprehensive and far-reaching plan, but scrutiny reveals a purpose, if not a pattern, through the years. Like all theatres, the Memorial Theatre has been subject to a cycle of success and failure, and will no doubt continue to be so; and just as one season's frost or drought will arrest the growth of a tree, so there have been years which have added little obvious glory to Stratford's name. But these frosty or dry years were never intended by nature to encourage the tree's growth: they were provided to harden and toughen its fibre; and it is the same with this theatre. Every setback and failure, whether material or artistic, has only strengthened the faith of those who have contributed to the edifice, has only given them more determination in the pursuit of their limited objectives.

This matter of not setting the sights too high has been important. The builder of the original theatre expressed the hope that his memorial to Shakespeare might house "occasional performances of Shakespeare's plays": a proper but very modest ambition. When the first Victorian-Gothic theatre was gutted by fire and the present building rose in its place, the promoters of the scheme certainly aimed at building the finest modern theatre possible, but it is hard to believe that they foresaw to what a size and scope the Shakespeare season would soon grow, or they would not have incorporated such strange limitations in the building itself. No, the Memorial Theatre owes nothing to being born with a blue-print in its mouth; there are other reasons for its hardiness. One is that it roots itself in the heart of the country, in Shakespeare's own market town: in the London climate it might well have withered and died before now. The other, and chief, reason that the theatre has grown and flourished through the years is because a succession of men and women have been happy to serve an ideal beyond their own interests; they have done their best, according to their own natures and the conditions of their times, to honour the greatest poet and dramatist who has ever lived. This service has given to the theatre that elasticity which is essential for healthy survival.

I do not mean to infer by this that I am opposed to a planned and organized theatre; on the contrary, the best and most far-reaching results in the theatre can be achieved to-day by nothing but organization; survival itself may depend on it; but it is good that the organism should grow cell by cell as its strength permits.

Examine the Stratford story in a little more detail. Since Shakespeare's death only spasmodic reverence had been done to his memory in Stratford; in the town where he was born and buried the perpetuation of his name seems to have rested largely on the discharge of fireworks and the recitation of odes. True, Garrick had done something to establish a cult, and in 1864 a large, round, wooden pavilion had been built for the Tercentenary Celebrations, but there had never been anything in the nature of a permanent theatre. So it was a highly original move when, in 1874, a Stratford citizen by the name of Charles Edward Flower founded a Shakespeare Memorial Association, with the avowed intention of providing, among other things, a theatre. A theatre in Stratford-on-Avon?

"COME ON OUR QUEEN, TO-MORROW WE MUST PART": Michael Redgrave as Richard II and Heather Stannard as the Queen in Anthony Quayle's production of *Richard II*, the first play in the historical cycle which was presented with great success at Stratford last year. Michael Redgrave also played Hotspur in the first part of *Henry IV*. The 1952 season, now about to begin, has been planned on rather different lines, with no special sequence of plays.

THE DYING KING WITH ONE OF HIS SONS: Harry Andrews, as Henry IV, says good-bye to the loving Prince John, after a stormy interlude with the feckless Prince Hal, the heir apparent.

"THEN I WILL KISS YOUR LIPS, KATE": King Henry V (Richard Burton) with the chaperon (Rosalind Atkinson) and Princess Katherine of France (Hazel Penwarden) in one of the closing scenes of *Henry V*, last play in the historical cycle presented during 1951.

ANTHONY QUAYLE'S HOME AT STRATFORD—A PALATIAL HOUSE WHICH IS DIVIDED INTO FIVE FLATS, OCCUPIED BY VARIOUS MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY AND STAFF: The building was acquired by the theatre some time ago for training actors and other uses. Two of the children on the lawn are Mr. Quayle's and, says Claude Muncaster, who visited Stratford to make these drawings, they are "absolute charmers." In other drawings on these pages Mr. Muncaster takes us behind the scenes at the Memorial Theatre.

A MATINEE AFTERNOON AT THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE—A SCENE OF ANIMATION OUTSIDE THE BUILDING WHICH PLAYS TO ALMOST CAPACITY AUDIENCES THROUGHOUT EACH LONG SEASON: The first Memorial Theatre, built in 1877-79 and standing in its pleasant riverside garden overlooking the Avon, was burnt down in 1926. Archibald Flower, who was later knighted, then began a campaign for funds to build this new theatre, towards which £100,000 was given by John D. Rockefeller. The new building, constructed on the same site at a cost of £200,000 and opened in April 1932, is the work of the architects Elizabeth Scott, John Shepheard and Maurice Chesterton. Its original accommodation was 1,258 people, but this has now been increased. Stratford receives about 350,000 playgoers each year.

Preposterous! Impertinent! The idea was attacked and ridiculed by the Press of the whole country. The *Daily Telegraph*, among other ill-wishers, referred to it as a "paltry and insignificant business." But Flower, who had both the appearance and force of a middle-aged Lear, pressed on with his plan, throwing into it his whole energy and a good deal of his private fortune. The result was that within five years a theatre stood on the banks of the Avon; Helena Faucit and Barry Sullivan headed the company in that first, ten-day, Festival.

Here at once we meet one of the Shakespeare miracles. What on earth induced Charles Flower to behave as he did? From where did he derive this fervent enthusiasm for the theatre? He was notable neither as an artist nor a Shakespeare scholar but rather as a hard-headed, prosperous brewer. Further, how did it happen that his sense of mission passed on from him to his brother Edgar, then to his nephew Archie, who rebuilt the theatre in 1932, and finally to his great-nephew Fordham, who is now the chairman of the governors? The record of the Flower family is quite remarkable; they have made themselves the latter-day patrons of Shakespeare in a world which is increasingly hostile to patrons: since 1874 the family has poured out its time, energy and considerable, though by no means boundless, resources, all in the service of Stratford and William Shakespeare. No family has ever served a cause more unselfishly. Genius demands its tribute from posterity, but few are prepared to pay that tribute so magnanimously as the Flowers have done to that earlier Stratford citizen.

Of course, it has not been the Flowers alone, like some Swiss Family Atlas, who have lifted up the Memorial Theatre; there have been a host of others—craftsmen, artists, administrators. There have been benefactors of all sorts, from the very rich to those who, when they were schoolchildren, contributed a few shillings or a dollar to pay for a brick in the new theatre. It was America who subscribed three-quarters of the total sum needed to rebuild and endow the theatre—and we in this country might do well to reflect that but for the generosity of the New World, in whose development Shakespeare's contemporaries played such a part, Shakespeare himself would to-day have no theatre of his own in Stratford.

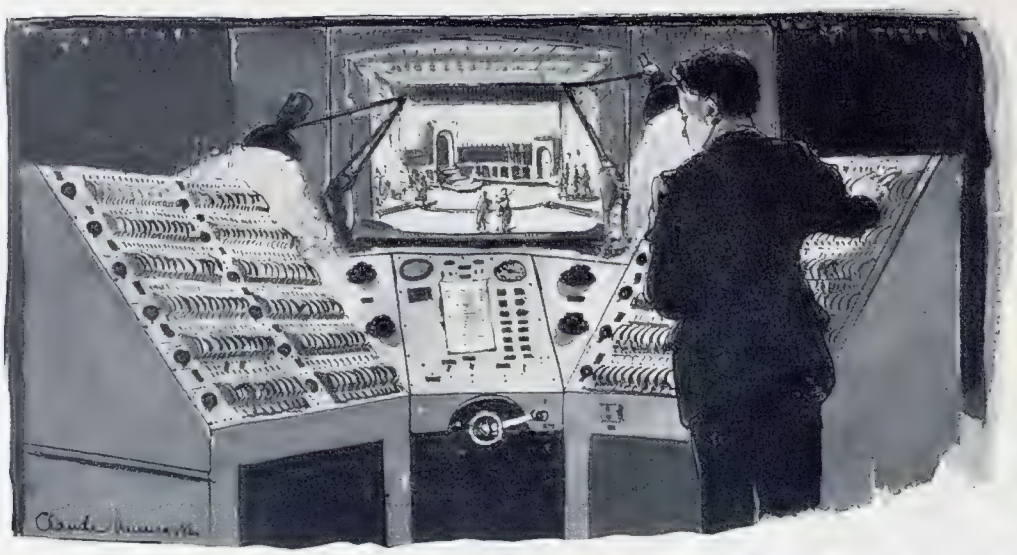
SIR RALPH RICHARDSON AND MARGARET LEIGHTON REHEARSING FOR THEIR PARTS IN THE 1952 PRODUCTION OF "THE TEMPEST": Sir Ralph plays the part of Prospero and Miss Leighton plays Ariel. With Mary Ellis and Anthony Quayle they are the leading players in the 1952 company. The first performance of *The Tempest* will be on March 25, and thereafter it will alternate with *Coriolanus* until the third production of the season, *As You Like It*, in April.

The distinguished servants and friends of Stratford are far too many to be listed in this short article, especially when the history of the theatre has been so well and fully written by both J. C. Trewin and Ruth Ellis; nor is it possible to point to any actor or director as having contributed more than another. Sir Frank Benson or Sir Barry Jackson, which had the greater influence on the theatre? One reigned for thirty years and the other for three, but each in his own way contributed what was vitally necessary in his own time. Will Old Bensonians, then, forgive me if I make no record here of their glories? Will the admirers of Bridges Adams take no offence if I pass over his years of achievement in this one sentence? The only landmark which I cannot omit is the destruction of the old theatre by fire in 1926, and the prodigies performed by Sir Archie, who, in the true Flower tradition, campaigned in this country and in America, plagued his friends for subscriptions and dug deep into his own pocket, till, a mere six years later, he had the satisfaction of seeing the new Memorial Theatre built, endowed, incorporated under Royal Charter. A national theatre, though not The National Theatre, had been established.

In 1874 a writer on the Birmingham *Town Crier* had referred to Charles Flower's theatre as "Stratford's latest folly." I only hope that journalist was still alive, the better to eat his words, when, on St. George's Day and Shakespeare's birthday, 1932, to the accompaniment of fanfares, cheers, and the spreading of much bunting, the Prince of Wales—albeit with a somewhat cautious and mistrustful look in his eye—officially opened the New Memorial Theatre.

Now let us look at the picture as it is to-day. In that the theatre is incorporated under Royal Charter it virtually belongs to the nation, and the governors, all of whom give their services voluntarily, are responsible to the nation for its conduct. That is no light responsibility, for the Memorial Theatre undoubtedly attracts the biggest international audience in the world, and

(*Continued on following page*)



BEHIND THE SCENES DURING A PRODUCTION AT THE STRATFORD MEMORIAL THEATRE: *Left*—This switchboard is situated at the back and centre of the dress-circle. Through a glass panel the operator has an unobstructed but distant view, rather as if he is looking at a coloured television image. The switchboards are in duplicate, and while one scene is in progress a second operator is preparing the correct lighting for the next scene. The power is switched over from one board to another by the lever shown at the bottom between the panels. On the centre panel rests a plot of lighting cues, with the switch numbers required for the lines. Any change about to occur is made apparent by two green lights appearing on the centre panel. There is direct verbal communication with the prompt corner by loudspeaker at the top left-hand corner of the central panel. The two-angle poise lights are the only lights used in the switchboard room during the action of the play. *Right*—The valve room which provides the source of power and light in the theatre. This is backstage. When in operation each of the valves lights up with a purple glow.

A STRATFORD PREVIEW

(Continued from previous page)

visitors are liable to judge the English theatre to a large extent by what they see at Stratford. The governors' policy (and by this I mean "domestic" as distinct from "foreign" policy—the sending of tours abroad, and so on) is that the theatre should achieve and maintain the very highest standard of acting and production, and to do this without becoming a financial liability to the country.

At first sight this policy might seem reasonably easy to discharge, when it is remembered that the season now lasts from the middle of March to the end of October, and during that time plays to 350,000 people. But remember, too, some other factors: the most expensive seat in the house is still only 12s. 6d., and a third of all the seats in the theatre are sold for 6s. and under; the cost of mounting productions, of which there are approximately four new ones every season, apart from revivals, is soaring yearly; there is a heavy salary list to be borne, for there are as many as fifty players in a large Shakespearean repertory, and in addition to these there are the heavy running costs of the theatre itself, with its permanent staff and workshops. The decision to limit the yearly number of productions to five was prompted in the first place by artistic considerations and the determination to maintain a high standard of work, but it is nevertheless

THE SCENE DOCK THROUGH WHICH ALL STAGE PROPERTIES PASS AT THE BACK OF THE STAGE: When the Repertory is in full swing and constant changes of play take place, this entrance is the scene of bustling activity, and mingling with the stage hands are actors and actresses in all manner of garbs. The speed with which "props" are packed and unpacked is most impressive.

A MEMORY OF THE 1950 SEASON: Leading members of the Company gathered in the Memorial Theatre Gardens during a break in rehearsals. From left to right are: Anthony Quayle, who has been producer of eight plays at Stratford since he became the Director of the Theatre in 1948; John Gielgud, who this year produces Macbeth; Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, Andrew Cruickshank, Leon Quartermaine and Harry Andrews. Last year Harry Andrews took a leading part in the great historical cycle of plays.

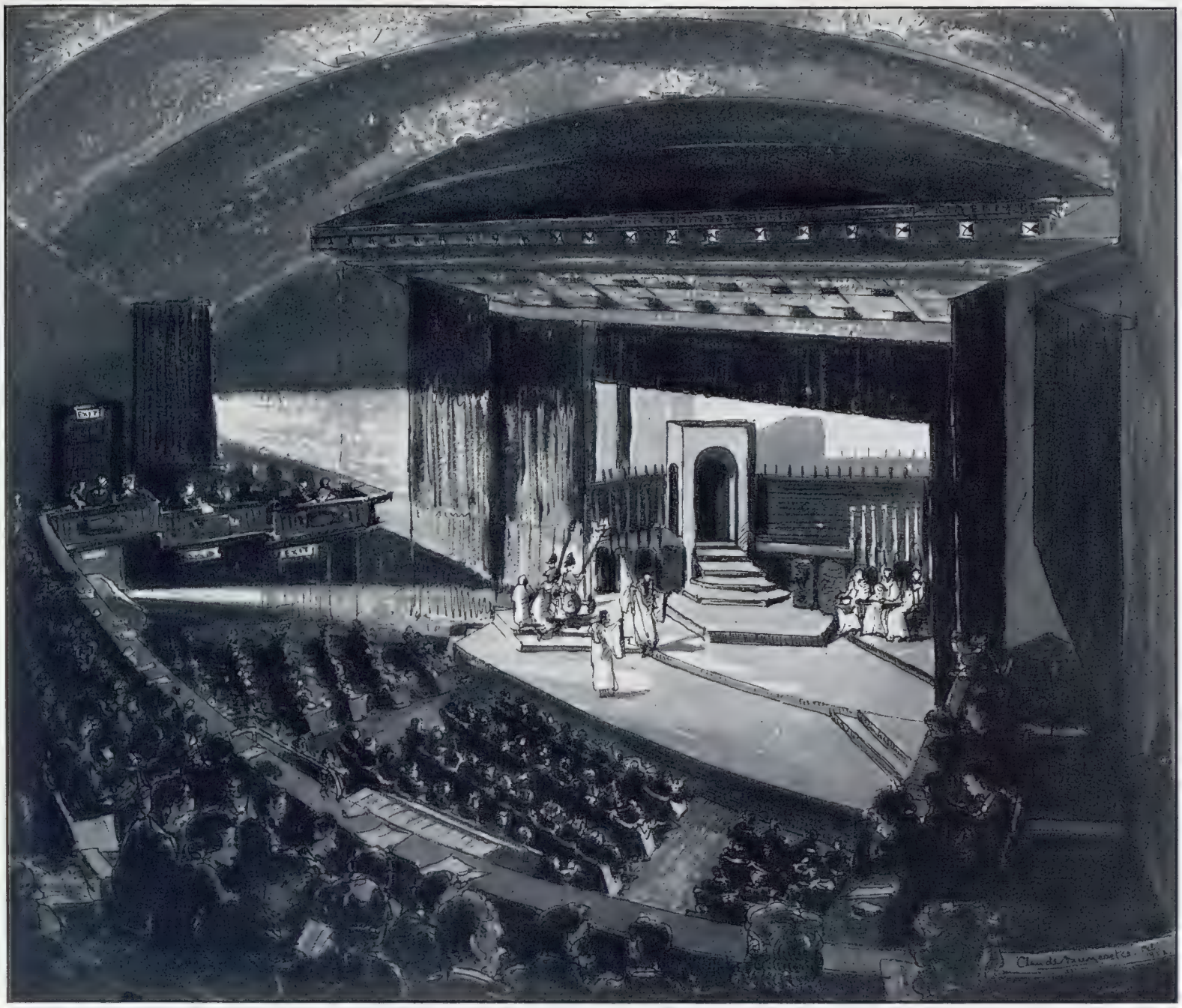
a fact that if one more new production were to be added yearly the season would be in danger of showing a financial loss; also, if the attendance were to average over the season less than 86 per cent. of the capacity of the house, remarkable business by any normal theatre standards, the result would be the same—financial loss.

"But I've always understood the Memorial Theatre was very rich," I can imagine some readers saying. "Surely any loss can be recovered from capital?" Yes, compared with the Old Vic, the only other comparable institutional theatre, Stratford is well off; but last year the governors took the courageous (and, to my mind, quite right) decision to make drastic alterations to the building: Brian O'Rorke, the architect for the projected National Theatre on the South Bank, was engaged to build an entire new wing on to the theatre as well as perform extensive structural changes in the auditorium. These changes, together with the complete reseating and redecoration which have been carried out, have largely remedied that lack of intimacy for which the theatre was often criticised in the past: but they have done so at a cost to the theatre's reserves of £100,000. This heavy outlay together with the all-too-common story of rising costs have brought the Theatre to a position where its liquid assets are dangerously depleted: three consecutive years of loss, and its present financial position could be reversed.

To keep solvent and independent demands a full house every night; to achieve a full house every night demands the very best acting and production; to attract the country's best actors and producers the only sure magnet is the quality of the work; quality costs money. So the circle brings us round to the conclusion that there can be no change in policy until circumstances themselves alter.

By this I mean that the present system is too cruelly wasteful to be maintained indefinitely. The greatest number of performances given of any one play in a season is only sixty, the least is under thirty; when the season ends, the costumes and scenery

A DARK BUT IMPORTANT SPOT IN THE THEATRE: The prompt corner as seen by Claude Muncaster on a rehearsal afternoon.

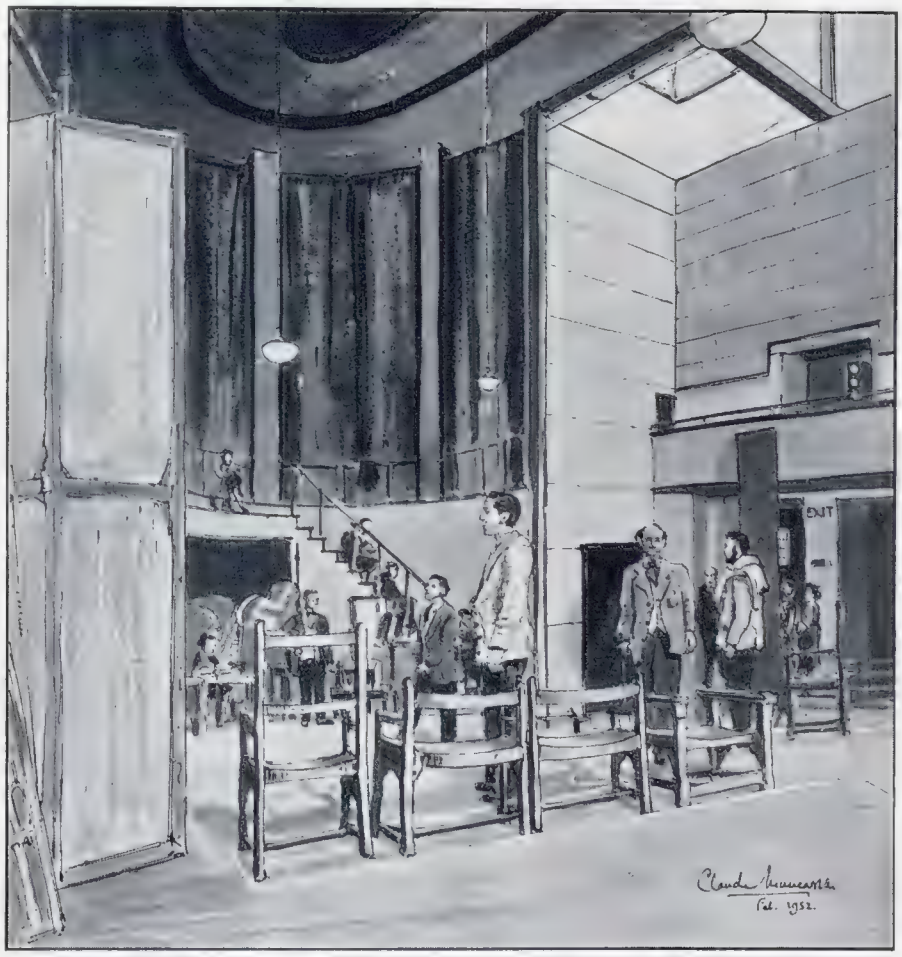


"WOULD THE NOBILITY LAY ASIDE THEIR RUTH AND LET ME USE MY SWORD, I'D MAKE A QUARRY WITH THOUSANDS OF THESE QUART'RD SLAVES AS HIGH AS I COULD PICK MY LANCE": Coriolanus expresses his contempt for the rabble, a scene from the great Roman tragedy with which the new season is about to commence. Claude Muncaster, who made this drawing during a recent visit to Stratford, visualising the presence of the audience, shows the view from the gallery of the theatre, with the dress-circle just beneath. The acoustic properties of the theatre are excellent, and the lighting effects attractive. The house lights from the boxes are deep red and are in keeping with the dark rich red of the stage curtains.

are cannibalized to build the next year's productions. So three or four productions a year are destroyed before they have reached a fraction of their potential audience, and £30,000 of capital assets are irretrievably lost. This is bad enough, but the artistic wastage is worse. All of these jettisoned productions have taken months—sometimes even a year—of thoughtful planning and preparation; when the material edifice of a production is destroyed, the creative energy which went into it is evaporated and dispersed for ever. The English classical theatre is not so rich in talent of the highest order, nor possessed of such inexhaustible energy, to withstand for many years such inroads into its capital.

An internal solution would be to adopt Granville Barker's proposal and use a standardised setting for all the plays; obviously, the financial saving in using the same set all the time would be enormous, and it is undeniable that Shakespeare wrote his plays with a standardised setting in mind. But though the experiment proved very successful last year with the Cycle of the Histories—indeed, the only way to stage consecutive performances of the History Plays was to bind them together in a common setting—yet, except in an experimental theatre which Stratford is not, I would hesitate to apply it to all the plays. The audience of to-day is not the audience of 1600; our proscenium-arch theatre is not the one for which Shakespeare wrote: standardisation of settings might only prove a disservice to author and box-office.

Let me recapitulate. The problem which confronts the Memorial Theatre is this: it must mount as many productions a year as it can and still remain solvent; the level of these productions must be of a quality to compete with, and if possible excel, the best that can

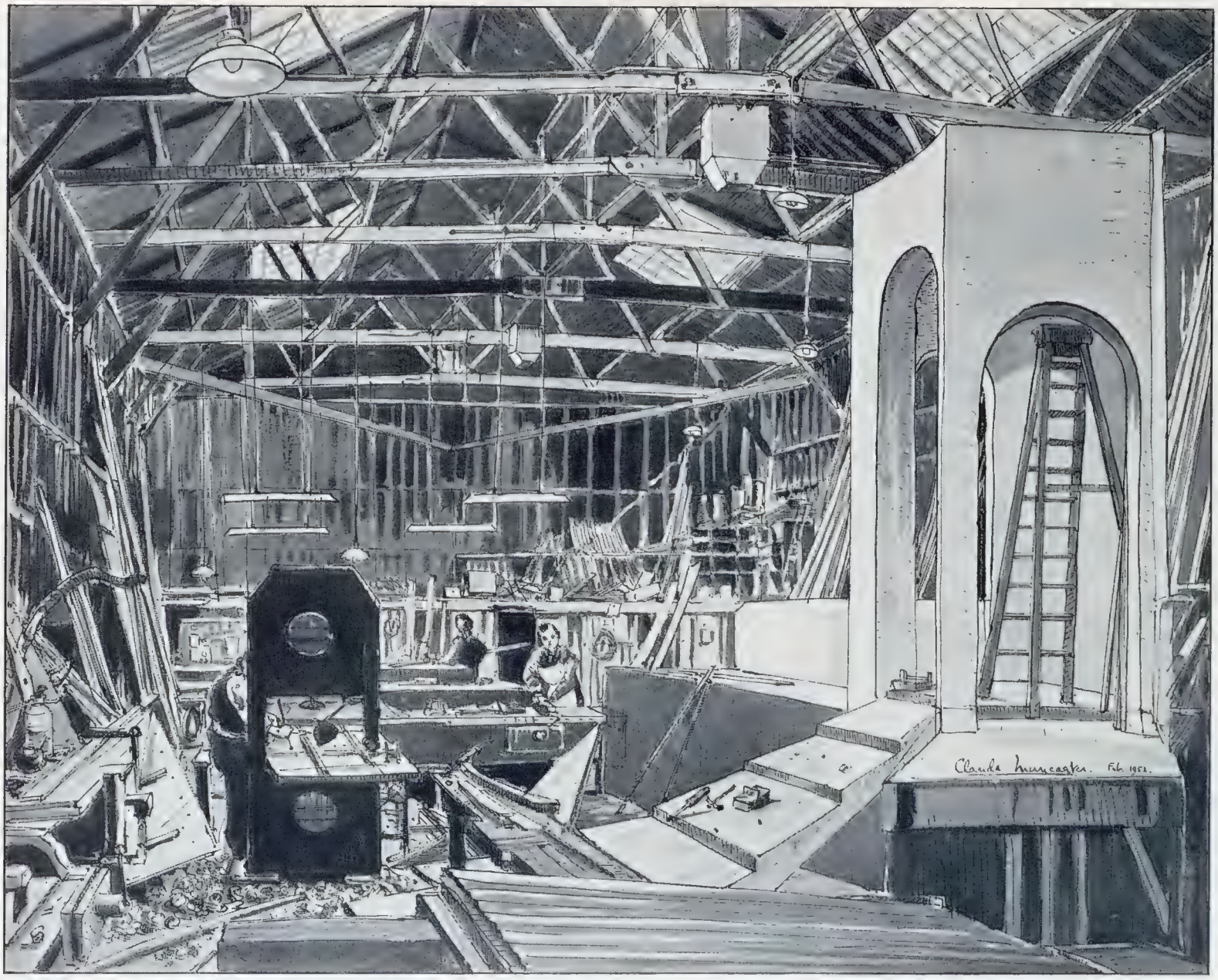


AT WORK IN THE REHEARSAL HALL: This room, which is part of the original Memorial Theatre which was burnt down between the wars, is shown in use in all its simplicity. There are no "props" and the stage sets are indicated by chalk lines on the floor. No costumes are used, and it all seems very stiff and remote from the stage. On the walls is special material to assist the acoustic arrangements.

be seen in London, or any other capital of the world. In other words, Stratford must compete artistically with the commercial theatre, yet, in trying to discharge its national duty, must accept material conditions which the commercial theatre could not survive. This same problem faces every other institutional theatre in the country; the only difference is that while Stratford, being reasonably well-endowed, still stands erect but unhealthily near the brink of the financial abyss, others have fallen clean over and now dangle in the void, hanging by the beneficent, but of necessity tenuous, rope of an Arts Council subsidy. There is only one possible solution to the problem: to expand the organization.

I am not speaking in general terms; I am not advancing some hopeful blueprint for the Ideal Theatre; I am speaking only of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford, which needs to find some way in which its best productions may have a longer lease of life. There are various possibilities: one way would be to find another theatre with which productions could be interchanged; another way has been pointed out by John Gielgud's production of *Much Ado About Nothing* which, after seasons at Stratford and a tour of Australia, is now enjoying a Phœnix rebirth in London.

I am reluctant to assume the role of a theatrical "Old Moore," for the Drama, being the most complex of the arts, is the most liable to constant changes, and an utterance which smells even faintly of prediction can be rendered out of date and ridiculous in the next five months—almost in the next five minutes. All the same, whatever may be the exact form which it finally takes, I believe that a move towards a larger organization must be the next major step in the unfolding story of Mr. Flower's "folly."



CONSTRUCTING A STAGE SET FOR "CORIOLANUS"—WORK IN PROGRESS AT THE SCENIC WORKSHOP ATTACHED TO THE STRATFORD MEMORIAL THEATRE, A DRAWING SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE SPHERE" BY CLAUDE MUNCASTER: This is a large shop and impressive, but more impressive still is the completeness of the craftsmanship. There are no half-measures at Stratford. Nothing is shoddily done just because the set is seen from a distance. Sometimes the sets are made from drawings giving a general effect, and the craftsmen require to use a great deal of imagination.

The TRAGEDY of CORIOLANUS to the VILLAINY of VOLPONE

What Stratford-on-Avon Offers the Playgoer in this Year of Grace 1952

By PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

WE must start thinking about Stratford-on-Avon again. The Shakespeare Festival, which broke all records last summer, starts again on March 13, with *Coriolanus*. Other delights follow. But how much does Stratford delight you personally? There is some prejudice to be overcome.

A wag might describe the architecture of this town as consisting of the half-timbered and the not-'alf-timbered. In other words, there is an aspect of Stratford, the capital of the Shakespearian tourist industry, which repels the eclectic visitor. He should, however, remember that these things are relative; Ye Olden Bunne Shoppe, no less than Ann Hathaway's cottage, may be giving pleasure to those from far-away lands, who respond to all this much as we indiscriminately respond to the exotic charm of Martinique or Far Cathay.

One other point, before we go into the theatre (which, by the way, many of Stratford's visitors do not, having merely come for the old worlde atmosphere by motor-coach); Stratford lies in a lovely countryside. It is perhaps a counsel of perfection in this our climate, but it is well worth trying to plan your visit to coincide with a fine week. The early start of the festival nowadays is a stumbling block; I have known it start with the Avon so swollen that ducks nearly swam into the foyer. But again, I have been there when you could walk out at the end of a matinee and walk straight on into the world of one of Shakespeare's lyrics, a world of bursting bird song.

The lark that tirra-lirra chants
With hey, with hey, the thrush and the jay.

There was a time when they used to put half the plays (and they did many more then) straight into production from the start. This meant, one must recall with a sad smile, that in the case of some actors of uncertain memory, all the plays became mixed into one glorious porridge; the acting was badly unrehearsed and great speeches used to get muddled up and turn up in the wrong play! This led to some very uncharitable criticism.

On the other hand, there was a great advantage—namely, that you could go down, stop a week, go to the theatre almost every night, and never see the same play twice (which, I admit, you probably would not wish to do). The routine was pleasant and old-fashioned. "Lazin' in a punt by day or watchin' the cricket; to the play with the ladies in the evenin'." So it went for many a contented visitor.

Now all that is changed. The season not only starts in the eager nipping winds of March; the first plays run for a whole week or more. *Coriolanus*, for instance, runs nightly with two matinees until March 25, when last season's *The Tempest* takes the stage for a week, thereafter alternating with the Roman tragedy. Not until May will you be able to go down, spend three nights and see three (different) plays. After that, the variety begins to increase; but not ever very greatly. From a tourist point of view, no doubt, it is a sound plan to keep the visitor hanging on as long as possible, but I am not sure it pays really to make it impossible for a week-ender to take in a matinee, and a different play on the Friday and the Saturday nights.

DISCUSSING SET CONSTRUCTION PLANS: Anthony Quayle, Director of the Memorial Theatre, with Fred Jenkins, the chief construction carpenter, talking over scenery for one of the productions. They are standing in the scenic workshop attached to the theatre.

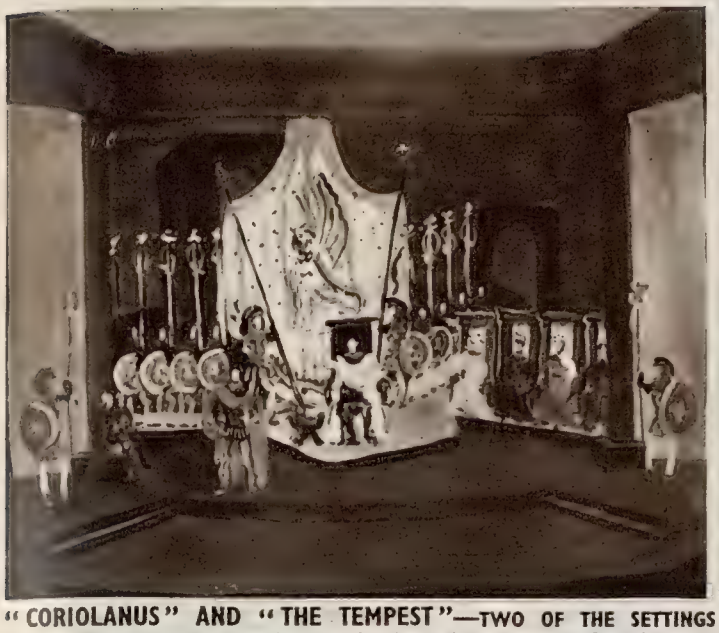
In one way it does, however, pay, this new policy: artistically. If the final result was as good as it was last year, when the whole tetralogy of histories from *Richard II* to *Henry V* was played in a permanent setting and with a continuity of casting and interpretation, it is a result very well worth waiting for. I would account this cycle, this great sweeping study of kingship as being among the finest achievements of our theatre since the war.

The new season does not apparently offer any such concerted scheme, but that may be wise. (Indeed, some people, among them Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall and Margaret Truman, to my own knowledge found "all this old history" a bit of a strain.) What we get is a well-balanced and well-paired scheme of four plays (plus Ben Jonson at the end as a . . . well, as an experiment perhaps).

The two tragedies are *Coriolanus* and *Macbeth*. Studies both in ambition: the first one of the least poetical, the second possibly the most poetical of the tragedies (in the sense of language at least). *Coriolanus* is unusual in being the study of man of action as tragic hero. To be sure, Macbeth, like Antony, is a soldier. But the soldiering of both these latter is not dealt with save by hearsay. The fate which came down on Coriolanus is intimately linked with his profession; in that sense, the play is nearer to a history than a tragedy. Yet tragedy it remains. And a strangely well-made tragedy, in the sense of

A STRATFORD PREVIEW

(*Continued from previous pages*)



"CORIOLANUS" AND "THE TEMPEST"—TWO OF THE SETTINGS FOR 1952 AT THE STRATFORD MEMORIAL THEATRE: *Left*—Decor by Motley, showing the Senate House in Rome for the opening production of the season, *Coriolanus*. *Right*—One of Loudon Sainthill's magical settings for Michael Benthall's production of *The Tempest*, which is being revived following the tremendous success achieved in 1951. Loudon Sainthill is a Tasmanian-born artist who came to this country early in 1950.

being perfectly carpentered, balanced and calculated; "strangely," because whatever *Macbeth* and *Antony and Cleopatra* may be, it is not their shaping and symmetry which strikes us. *Coriolanus*, however, is almost classical in its shapeliness. On the rare occasions when it is revived it never fails to surprise its audiences by its pungent topicality. One recalls of recent years a brilliant performance before the war by Sir Laurence Olivier, with Sybil Thorndike as Volumnia; and a worthy interpretation also by the Old Vic Company when at the New Theatre, with John Clements, as hero, and Alec Guinness as Menenius. But revivals have been comparatively few. Stratford chooses well, and the director, Anthony Quayle, should find in Coriolanus a part which suits him admirably, perhaps better than anything he has undertaken since Mark Antony in *Julius Cæsar*.

Coriolanus will also bring to Stratford two other players who have fine reputations in other spheres, a reminder that "there is a world elsewhere!" Mary Ellis, who will play the formidable Roman mother, Volumnia, and Michael Hordern will play Menenius; his performance in broadcasts, and on the stage of the Arts Theatre Club in a most notable revival of Chekov's *Ivanov*, have marked him one of the most arresting and capable of our classical players. Miss Ellis is not to be thought of merely as the singing actress for whom Ivor Novello wrote *Careless Rapture*. She is a most accomplished all-round player; I have never seen her give a poor performance. She was admirable as Mrs. Dane, equally good as Harriet Beecher Stowe, and in romantic and poetic drama (if not in Shakespeare) she has long cut an imposing figure. The producer will be Glen Byam Shaw, who was one of those who recently resigned from the Old Vic. This is clearly Stratford's gain, if he can bring off anything as good as his *Henry V* production in the Waterloo Road last year.

The Tempest, which is the second play on the list, is in fact a revival of Michael Benthall's exciting and vivid production, in settings by the young Australian Loudon Sainthill, which made such an imaginative contrast to the sombre line of histories last year. Then, it was Michael Redgrave and Alan Badel who played Prospero and Ariel. But this year, with Sir Ralph Richardson and the tall and graceful Margaret Leighton in these roles, it will hardly seem the same production. Sir Ralph and Miss Leighton have often acted together (most recently in the Festival *Three Sisters*); they have also acted Shakespeare together, in the post-war Old Vic seasons, when, for instance, Sir Ralph played Falstaff and Miss Leighton was a most touching Lady Percy (to Olivier's wonderful Hotspur) in *Henry IV*. They are both newcomers to Stratford, however; and both in *The Tempest* and as Macbeth and his lady, they will be shouldering a heavy burden. It is some time since we shall have seen Sir Ralph in so heavy a tragic role as Macbeth; though one's mind goes back to the Othello he played at the Old Vic before the war, he has lately been associated with lighter—and often ironical—parts. This *Macbeth*, which is due on June 10, is to be produced by John Gielgud, with scenery designed by him in partnership with Michael Northen.

The two tragedies are balanced by two comedies about exiles: *The Tempest*, as mentioned above, and by that lovely pastoral play which is at once so similar and yet so different, *As You Like It*. This, also produced by Glen Byam Shaw, with Motley scenery, is due on April 29, and Margaret Leighton will play Rosalind, a familiar role for her, to the Orlando of Laurence Harvey, a young actor, new to Stratford, who has made his mark already in London and speaks verse finely. Two other players to be noted are Lyn Evans, a jovial and versatile character actor, who should be a first-rate Trinculo in *The Tempest*; and Raymond Westwell, whom we recall from last season, who will be Cominius in *Coriolanus* and Banquo in *Macbeth*. But it is early days for *us* to worry about casting as yet.

There remains, somewhat outside the scheme, *Volpone*. Ben Jonson's fierce comedy of villainy. It may lie near to Shakespeare in date, but with it, one moves into a wholly different world; strongly seventeenth-century, Jacobean, pedantic, bustling and—by comparison with Shakespeare—curiously inhumane. In a sense Jonson was the victim of his own theory of the comedy of humours. He might have been an English Molière, and in such plays as *The Alchemist* (which Sir Ralph played after the war with an unforgettable flourish) he almost passes as such. Volpone, which Sir Ralph will be playing at Stratford to the Mosca of Anthony Quayle, is a superb part; one which has been particularly associated with Donald Wolfit, who made this monster one of the richest rogues of the stage, a tremendous swinging performance. It will be interesting to see how Richardson interprets the part. The play has a certain reputation abroad, which is interesting from the point of view of the many foreigners who nowadays visit Stratford; it was much played in Germany between the wars, in a version made by Stephan Zweig, and also in France. This production (July 15) will be by George Devine, another director who was formerly associated with the Old Vic and resigned last year.

This, the ninety-third season at Stratford, will go on until November! Even so, the prudent should book in advance; both seats and bedrooms. If there is one really heartbreaking aspect of Stratford it is that patient queue of some hundred or more persons which stands every day from early light in the remote hope that they will get some "returns." Going to Stratford is recommended, but *not* "going on spec."

THE THEATRE RESTAURANT AT STRATFORD, OVERLOOKING THE AVON: Theatregoers can dine here before the show or take supper after the show, enjoying a swift and pleasant service which dovetails with the times of performances.

CORIOLANUS

The Fall of a Superman

Shakespeare probably wrote the play in 1608, first reading the life of Coriolanus in Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch's Lives*. Here we see a typical Shakespearian figure of tragedy in course of destruction through the excess of some trait in his character. Just as Timon was betrayed by excessive generosity, Coriolanus fell because of his excessive contempt for the multitude. His ideas are those of an absolute monarch or super-man. Coriolanus fails as a leader of his own people because of this contempt. He fails as a traitor because he is too noble to be fiercely revengeful. A lesser man, like Richard III, would have exacted bloody toll from Rome. *Production, Glen Byam Shaw. Scenery and Costumes, Motley. Opening Performance, March 13.*

THE TEMPEST

The Power Over Destiny

Shakespeare obtained his ideas for this play from many sources, most notably perhaps from a little collection of novels by Antonio de Eslava, a Spanish writer, whose book, *Noches de Invierno*, was published in Barcelona in 1609. Here amid all the chances and accidents of life we see Prospero, a man of intellect, who has been forced from power in Milan by a treacherous brother, living on an island with his unspoiled daughter Miranda and attaining by intellectual labour a power over destiny. How he uses his power nobly to put an end to hatred and old injustice is the main theme of this play of many magical qualities. *Production, Michael Benthall. Scenery and Costumes, Loudon Sainthill. First Performance, March 25.*

AS YOU LIKE IT

Fruit of the Poet's Invention

When spring has truly come to stay, that most springlike of pastoral plays *As You Like It* will enter the Stratford repertory. Margaret Leighton will play Rosalind, Michael Bates (Bardolph in 1951) will be Touchstone, and Laurence Harvey will be Orlando. The source of this plot was in part Thomas Lodge's novel *Rosalynde* and Euphues' *Golden Legacie* (published in 1590). To a large extent, however, *As You Like It* is a fruit of the poet's invention. The play is, in fact, a little picture of the world. We are shown a company of people just escaped from disaster, smilingly taking the hazards before them, and standing by is Jacques, the man of contemplation. *Production, Glen Byam Shaw. Scenery and Costumes, Motley. First Performance, April 29.*

MACBETH

A Betrayal by Obsession

Fourth of this year's plays will be *Macbeth*, rated as one of the seven or eight supreme Shakespearian achievements. Sir Ralph Richardson will play the part of Macbeth and Miss Leighton will appear as Lady Macbeth. While *Coriolanus* is the story of a man betrayed by his excess of pride, his contempt for the multitude, *Macbeth* is the tragedy of a man betrayed by an obsession, by his interpretation with his worldly mind things spiritually suggested to him. No play contains greater poetry or more intensity, and as John Masefield has said in his Shakespearian commentary, "no play is so full of an unspeakable splendour of vision." *Production, John Gielgud. Scenery, John Gielgud and Michael Northen. Costumes, Kenneth Rowell. First Performance, June 10.*

VOLPONE

A Contemporary Comedy

At the end of last season, after the historical cycle was over, Stratford's Memorial Theatre echoed to the tumult and the martial music of the Old Vic's *Tamburlaine*. Now half-way through the 1952 season, and included in the repertory, will appear Ben Jonson's *Volpone*. This departure from policy has been taken because of the interest value of staging a work by a contemporary of Shakespeare. *Volpone* appeared in 1605, representing Jonson's return to comedy, to a comedy simpler in conception, stronger in action, and more ethical in aim than its predecessors. *Volpone* held a secure place on the stage until the end of the eighteenth century. *Production, George Devine. Scenery and Costumes, Malcolm Pride. First Performance, July 15.*

CALIBAN AS LOUDON SAINTHILL SEES HIM: This is the artist's conception of the loutish half-animal, half-human figure who is made to serve the needs of Prospero and his fellow exiles. Mr. Sainthill's decor for the sets and costumes of *The Tempest* was presented at Stratford in 1951 in Michael Benthall's production, which is being repeated in the forthcoming season starting on March 25.

COSTUME DESIGNS FOR STRATFORD

IN ANTHONY QUAYLE'S PRODUCTION OF "RICHARD II," THE FIRST OF THE CYCLE OF HISTORIES IN 1951: Peter Jackson as Bagot, Michael Redgrave as Richard II, Michael Meacham as Green, and Basil Hoskins as Aumerle. The designers of the scenery and costumes for the histories were Tanya Moiseiwitsch and Alix Stone.

"What degree of symmetry to aim at in the settings; how pictorial that setting may be; how much to make use of modern lighting equipment and how much to eschew it; whether to dress the characters in contemporary Elizabethan costume, or in the realistic dresses of their period—these are some of the basic problems with which producer and designer wrestle for months before ever a play goes into rehearsal. Their work is made all the more fascinating by their knowledge that they may produce an answer which is both scholarly and theatrically effective, but that they can never produce a complete solution." This is how Anthony Quayle describes part of the task which he and his colleagues undertake at Stratford, where the work of the theatre is so complete in every detail, very little reliance being placed upon outside sources of assistance. In the Stratford workshops, indeed, every piece of scenery, every property, every costume that appears on the stage are produced by some of the finest craftsmen in England. Stratford in the post-war years has been exceedingly fortunate in its designers, not least in gaining the services of Loudon Sainthill, who created the sets and costumes for *The Tempest*, now about to enjoy a second season. No less brilliant is the team of Moiseiwitch and Stone, which was responsible for the cycle of histories given in 1951.

AMONG MOTLEY'S DESIGNS FOR THIS YEAR'S PRODUCTION OF "CORIOLANUS": *Left*—Coriolanus (played by Anthony Quayle) as he will appear in the "tent and murder" scenes, and (*centre*) in the "Triumph and Senate" scenes. *Right*—One of Michael Hordern's costumes as Menenius. Michael Hordern is a newcomer to the Stratford Company, and, following his successes at the Arts Theatre in London, is this year cast in a line of very strong parts, Menenius in *Coriolanus*, Caliban in *The Tempest*, and Jaques in *As You Like It*.

MORE MOTLEY DESIGNS FOR "CORIOLANUS": *Left*—Tullus Aufidius (Laurence Harvey) in the battle scenes in *Coriolanus*: *Centre*—Virgilia (Siobhan McKenna). *Right*—Volumnia (Mary Ellis). Miss Ellis has been specially engaged for this Stratford season to play this single leading part in Shakespeare's great Roman tragedy.

"MY DUE FROM THEE IS THIS IMPERIAL CROWN": Prince Hal (Richard Burton) and King Henry IV (Harry Andrews) in *Henry IV, Part II*. The costumes in the historical productions of 1951 were rich and varied, but in the interests of continuity throughout the cycle the scenery remained substantially the same.

Shrovetide in England

AND ITS OLD CUSTOMS

ANCIENT GAMES AND CEREMONIES AT CORFE CASTLE, OLNEY, ASHBOURNE AND MORTLAKE

JUNKETINGS IN THE SHADOW OF CORFE CASTLE—THE ANCIENT COMPANY OF PURBECK MARBLERS AND STONECUTTERS PERFORM THEIR ANNUAL RITES: *Left*—Marblers taking part in a traditional game of football in the town. *Right*—Mr. Bob Harris, Senior Warden of the Ancient Company of Purbeck Marblers, and Mr. Fred Burt examining the remains of an ancient quay. Each year the marblers pay as a fee 1 lb. of best pepper for the right of way to this useless quay.

The quarrymen of Purbeck still form a curious kind of trades guild, which would appear to be a survival from the Middle Ages. On Shrove Tuesday this Ancient Order of Purbeck Marblers and Stonecutters begins by holding its annual general meeting. At this meeting the quarrymen fix a common price for the stone from all the quarries in the county of Dorset. New members of the guild are initiated at a fee of 6s. 8d., if, as is usually the case, they are relatives of guildsmen, or at a fee of £5 6s. 8d. if they are not. During the meeting the initiates are required by ancient custom to cross the road from the Fox Inn to the Town Hall carrying a quart of ale without spilling a drop, while about thirty of the initiated quarrymen attempt to prevent them from so doing. Many full bottles of ale are also carried to top-up the half-empty glasses on arrival. After this part of the ceremony has been observed, the meeting is resumed, and certificates are presented to apprentices with four years service. At the conclusion of the meeting the marblers begin their famous football game.

MRS. DIX DOES IT AGAIN—A SECOND VICTORY IN THE 500-YEAR-OLD ANNUAL SHROVE TUESDAY PANCAKE RACE IN THE TINY BUCKINGHAMSHIRE VILLAGE OF OLNEY: Mrs. Dix (left-centre), just behind the leader and travelling at a great pace, shortly after the start of this year's contest, which she won in 1 min. 10⅘ secs., equalling the record for the 415 yards course. The course starts at the Bull Hotel and finishes at the porch of the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, where the winner receives the traditional kiss of peace. The rules of the race require that each competitor tosses the pancake on coming under starter's orders and then once more at the finish during the final dash up the church path to the porch. The Olney race has now become an international affair, the women of Olney competing on a time basis with the women of Liberal, a town in Kansas. Mrs. Dix received a pressure cooker as a prize, the presentation being made by a representative of the American Embassy in London.

PREPARING TO RING THE PANCAKE BELL AT ST. MARY'S, MORTLAKE, WEST LONDON: Mr. John Hill examining the equipment before ringing began, thus breaking a silence of twelve years. For twenty-eight years before the war Mortlake observed on each Shrove Tuesday the tradition of the "pancake bell," which before the Reformation summoned the parishioners to be shriven.

THE ASHBOURNE SHROVETIDE FOOTBALL GAME: Contestants in the game scrumming for possession of the ball in the stream. The game is played among the villagers with rare zest, and during its course the ball travels from end to end of the village.

WORCESTER'S TOWER IN DANGER

Work Goes Ahead on the Restoration of the Cathedral Pinnacles but the Other Fabric of the Tower Still Gives Cause for Serious Concern

THE NORTH PORCH OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL, THE TOWER OF WHICH IS THREATENED BY DECAY: The porch was built by Bishop Wakefield in the fourteenth century and restored in the mid-nineteenth century. The figures, all of which are fairly modern, depict Christ and the twelve Apostles. Worcester's tower is 196 ft. high.

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF CHRIST AND THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY ON THE EASTERN BANK OF THE RIVER SEVERN: At the beginning of this year a licence was obtained for the restoration of the west face of the tower, which had become damaged by decay. Permits for work on the other faces will follow. In 1949 the south-west pinnacle was found to be in danger of collapse.

THE MONASTIC REMAINS AT THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF THE WEST FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL: They are now scheduled as ancient monuments and as such are officially visited and inspected from time to time. The Cathedral, which stands on the site of a tenth-century Benedictine church, emerged in something of its present form in 1374. Much restoration work was carried out between 1756 and 1874. Inside the Cathedral, King John, who visited it in state in 1207, lies buried between the shrines of St. Oswald and St. Wulfstan.

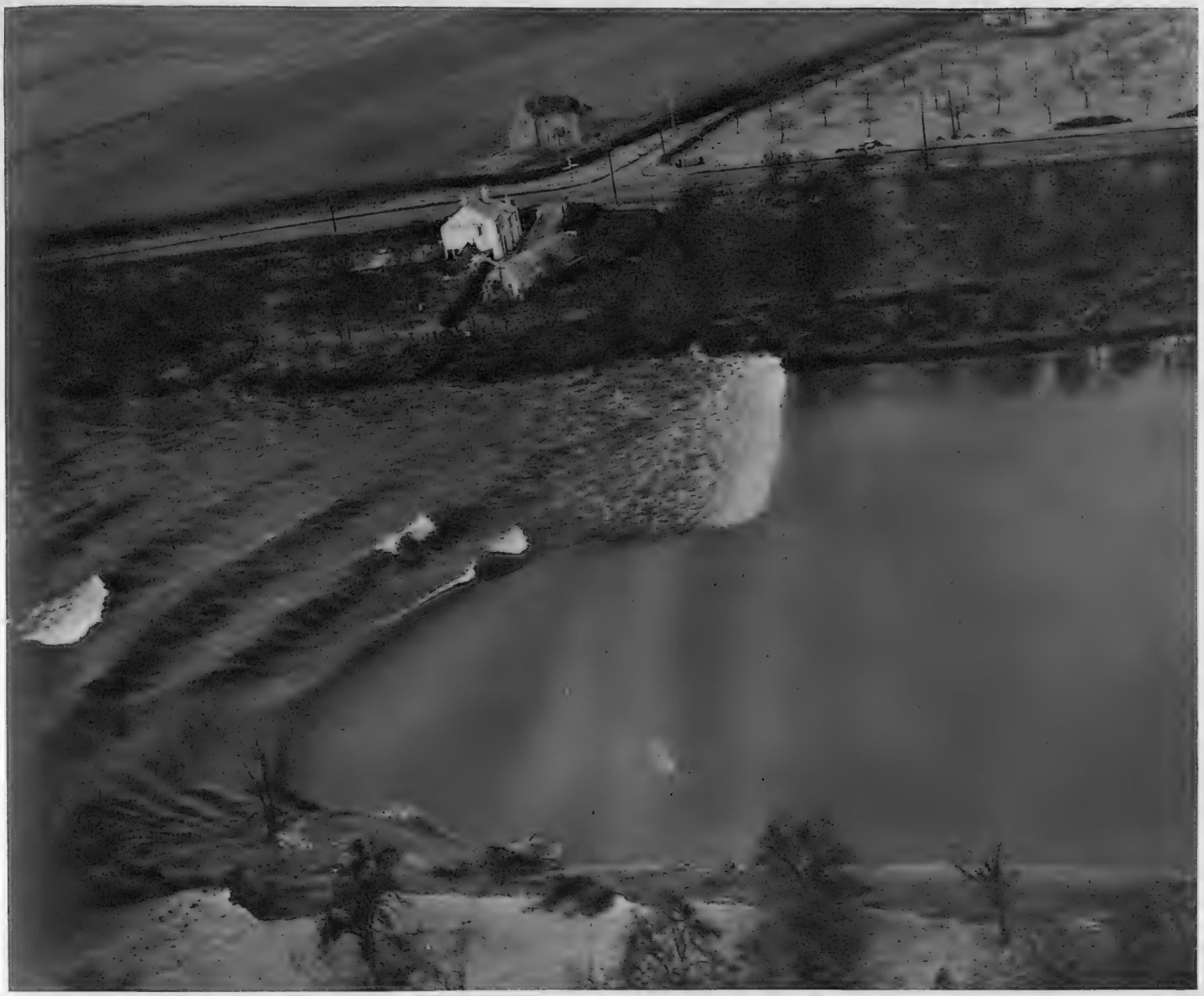
ONE OF WORCESTER'S DAMAGED PINNACLES: The bases of the four pinnacles have been repaired but the crockets at the top remain to be done. The estimated cost of repairs to the tower is £20,000, and an appeal for this sum has been made.

On the banks of the Severn at Worcester stands the cruciform Cathedral of Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary, one of the great landmarks of the West Midlands, with its fine tower reaching nearly 200 ft. Wind and weather have for long worked havoc on the pinnacles of the tower, and in the summer of 1949 a crisis was reached when the drought caused severe cracking in the masonry. Although the work of repairing the pinnacles is well under way the Dean and Chapter are now seriously perturbed by the crumbling of the other fabric of the tower.

Plans for the tower's restoration were made in 1939, but were delayed by the war; since then only "first aid" repairs have been carried out. The bad winter of 1947, however, accelerated the decay, and in 1948-49 large pieces of stone started to fall from the south and east faces, causing damage to the slated roofs of the Cathedral.

At the end of last August, after an appeal for £20,000 had been launched, the Dean of Worcester said that the crumbling exterior of the tower threatened the Cathedral fabric, and if left untreated would cause a major disaster. The Bishop, Dr. William Cash, said that by seeing that the fabric of the Cathedral was secured they would be strengthening the spiritual things for which the Cathedral stood.

The tower of Worcester Cathedral was built between 1358-74, and from it three centuries ago King Charles II watched the tide of battle turning against him. It is richly ornamented with sculptured pinnacles and foliage. The Cathedral itself dates back to 1084, and the latest additions of importance to 1504. In 1651, when the city was occupied by Parliamentary troops, damage was caused to the interior of the Cathedral, and the building was closed until the Restoration of the Monarchy. Under the choir and aisles is a fine crypt, built by St. Wulfstan in 1084. It was St. Wulfstan who rebuilt the earlier Church of St. Oswald, gutted by the Danes in 1041. The main design of the broad and spacious nave consists of seven bays built in the fourteenth century. Worcester first became the seat of a bishop in the seventh century.



THE SEVERN BORE—AN AERIAL PICTURE OF THE TIDAL WAVE NEAR MINSTERWORTH, ALONGSIDE THE GLOUCESTER-TO-CARDIFF ROAD: This picture of the bore that occurred last week shows the ridges of water rushing along and leaving the usually placid river a seething turbulence. The bore is a tidal phenomenon occurring on rivers in many parts of the world. When a river expands gradually to a very wide mouth and is subject to high tides, the spring flood-tide drives an immense volume of water from the sea into the river. The water accumulates in the estuary more rapidly than it can flow up into the river, and there is gradually formed across the estuary a high ridge of water which rushes up the river, often with great violence and noise. The Trent, Wye and Solway are other British rivers where bores occur. The most celebrated bores are those of the Ganges, the Brahmaputra and the Indus. In the Hoogly branch of the Ganges the bore travels 70 miles in four hours, often appearing suddenly as a liquid wall over 7 ft. high. Waves of this kind are a considerable menace to small river-boats.

THE SEVERN BORE

And a Moving Wave of Sand in Cornwall

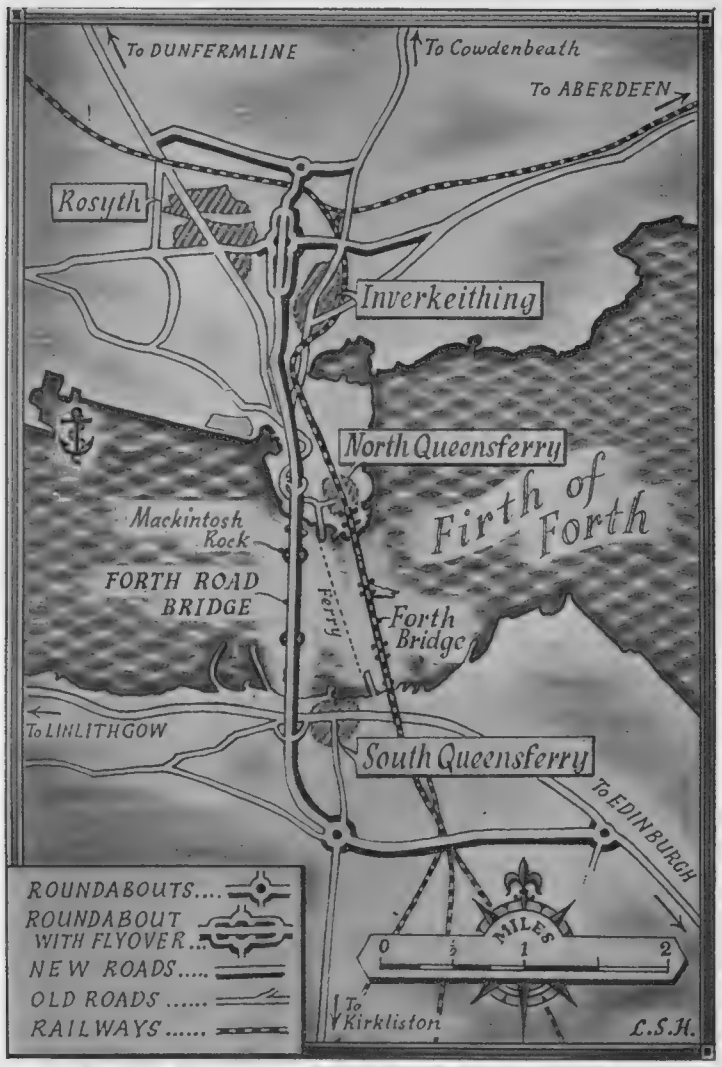
High Tides in the Severn Estuary Produce a Tidal Wave; Houses at Porthmeor are Menaced by the Encroaching Sand

A CREEPING WAVE OF SAND THREATENS HOUSES ON THE CORNISH COAST: Recent storms have considerably augmented this rising wave of sand at Porthmeor, near St. Ives, in Cornwall, and the bulldozer seen in this picture is being used to deal with it. The sand has menaced houses along the beach for many years. In some places it has piled 30 ft. high against the walls, reaching roof-level. Exits have been blocked, and it has been necessary to keep windows closed.

PLANNING THE GREAT FORTH ROAD BRIDGE

A Mighty New Traffic Link Across the Firth Between Fife and the Lothians

A VITALLY NEEDED TRAFFIC LINK BETWEEN EDINBURGH AND THE NORTH-EAST OF SCOTLAND : This is a general view of the new bridge drawn by Frank Hoar, F.R.I.B.A., who shows the handsome new structure which it is planned to build across the Forth at a point five-eighths-of-a-mile upstream from the Forth Railway Bridge. The site was chosen because there will be no difficulty at North and South Queensferry in obtaining good ground for the foundations of the piers and anchorages. It also provides for easy access to the main roads in Fife and West Lothian, including the developments which are being planned. The distance from shore to shore is about 6,200 ft. The water in the middle of the river is about 200 ft. deep, but it is shallow towards the shores. Even so, the bridge will require to have a span of 3,300 ft., and thus it will be the third largest bridge in the world. This span is nearly double that of each of the spans of the railway bridge, which are 1,710 ft.



THE PROPOSED NEW LINK ACROSS THE FORTH : This sketch-map shows the position of the new Forth Road Bridge in relation to the Forth Railway Bridge. The North and South Queensferry site stands at the only narrowing of the Forth for a distance of about fifty miles.

WHEN the great Clan Gathering was held in Edinburgh last year, an event which taxed to the limit the police resources of the capital, it also threw into bold relief the pressing need for a new road link between the Lothians on the south shore of the Firth of Forth and the populous County of Fife. Indeed, so great was the crush to get across the ferry that at one stage cars and other vehicles stood in a solid mass from the North Queensferry Pier to Inverkeithing, a distance of a mile-and-a-half or more. At many other times in the summer there are also long queues at the ferry approaches, and although a third vessel has been added to the ferry services the problem remains. Frequently the correspondence columns of the Scottish newspapers carry expressions of the road users' lively sense of dissatisfaction, and it has been pointed out that with the opening up of the new mining towns in Fife and the shift of population from Lanark eastwards, pressure on the ferries will increase. The Central Committee of the Scottish Chambers of Commerce has also focused attention on the problem, and has asked that the summer service of three ferries an hour should be brought forward in the year.

The final solution rests, however, with the construction of the new road bridge across the Queensferry narrows, and when work will begin on that long-cherished plan is anybody's guess in these days of rearmament priorities, steel shortages and financial stringency.

However, some progress has been made. In 1949 it was announced at a meeting of Edinburgh Town Council that the Government had decided to give a 75 per cent. grant for preliminary work, and this was accepted by the Lord Provost (at that time Sir Andrew Murray) as "a very great advance in our desire to have this bridge." The total scheme with approach roads is estimated to cost £6,000,000, as compared with a pre-war estimate of £3,260,000, but a further upward revision of this is always a possibility. Engineers have been appointed, Messrs. Mott, Hay and Anderson, of Westminster, and Sir Giles Gilbert Scott is the Consulting Architect.

The road bridge scheme is promoted by the Corporation of the City of Edinburgh, the County Councils of Fife, West Lothian and Midlothian, the city and Royal Burgh of Dunfermline, and the Royal Burgh of Kirkcaldy.

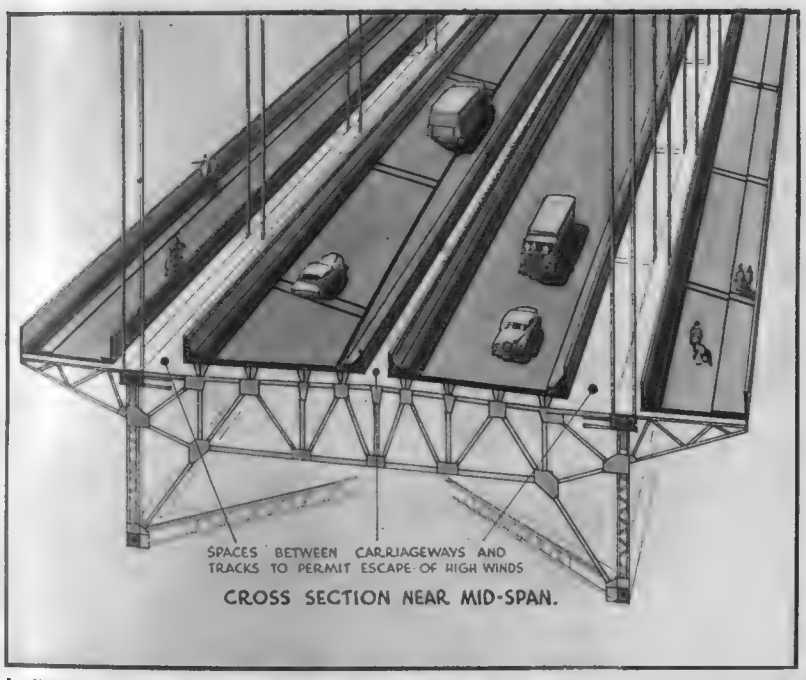
Already the contract drawings are being prepared, so that no time will be lost when permission to begin construction is finally granted, and already boreholes have been sunk to prove the nature and the strength of the ground for the foundations. The final boring operations, which have been carried out on both approach routes and on the sea-bed, were satisfactorily completed during the summer of 1951. All the survey work for the roads on both sides of the river has been completed up to and including Admiralty Road on the Fife side of the Firth.

The road bridge is sited about five-eighths-of-a-mile higher up the Forth than the existing railway bridge, that remarkable structure which was opened to traffic in 1890 after seven years of work. The bridge will be of the suspension type, which is the only kind suitable for such a large span. It will consist of a steel deck 150 ft. above high-water-level, and the deck will be suspended from two main cables which will be fastened at each end to massive concrete anchorages, each weighing about 200,000 tons. The cables will pass over the top of two steel towers, each about 500 ft. high and weighing 5,000 tons. Each of the cables will be made of some 15,000 steel wires about one-fifth-of-an-inch in diameter, laid parallel with each other and then wrapped tightly together until they form what will look like a round bar 29 ins. in diameter. Twin carriageways each 24 ft. wide, two cycle tracks each 9 ft. wide and two footways each 6 ft. wide will be formed on the steel deck. Two stiffening girders each 30 ft. deep will be provided to distribute the weight of the traffic.

Suspension bridges of very large span are apt to sway in high winds. At the request of the engineers for the bridge, the Ministry of Transport arranged some time ago for extensive research to be conducted at the National Physical Laboratory to establish how this swaying action could be reduced to a minimum. A model of the bridge 50 ft. in length was constructed and placed in a wind tunnel in which the effects of winds up to 120 miles an hour could be observed. As one result of this research, it has been decided that instead of the carriageways, cycle tracks and footways being on a deck with a total width of about

ONE OF THE TWO STEEL TOWERS WHICH WILL CARRY THE SUSPENSION CABLES ON THE NEW ROAD BRIDGE : The towers will be 500 ft. high and each will weigh 5,000 tons. The cables will be fastened at each end of the bridge to massive concrete anchorages, each weighing 200,000 tons.

AT THE QUEENSFERRY NARROWS—THE TWO FORTH BRIDGES, AN ARCHITECT'S IMPRESSION SHOWING THE CELEBRATED RAILWAY BRIDGE AND THE PROJECTED ROAD BRIDGE WHICH WILL TEND TO CONVERGE ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE FIRTH, WHERE THEY BOTH HAVE ABUTMENTS ON THE NORTH QUEENSFERRY PENINSULA: The Forth Railway Bridge was begun in 1882 and completed in 1889 at a point where the channel, about a mile in width, is divided by the island of Inchgarvie. The length of this cantilever bridge is 5,330 ft., with the central tower on Inchgarvie. At the present time motorists use a ferry service between the old and the projected bridges.



A CROSS-SECTION OF THE NEW FORTH BRIDGE NEAR MID-SPAN: This drawing shows the spaces between the carriageways and tracks which will reduce the pressure on the structure when high winds are blowing. Extensive wind-tunnel tests have been undertaken at the National Physical Laboratory, and for the purpose of the tests a 50-ft. model of the bridge has been constructed. The projected Severn Bridge has undergone similar tests.

100 ft., the deck should be formed in longitudinal strips for the roadways, etc., with spaces about 10 ft. between them, so that any wind that might get underneath would not be trapped there, but would have ample means of escape. It has been found that this greatly reduces any tendency to sway.

During the present financial year, ending May 28, 1952, the Forth Road Bridge Joint Board is spending about £147,000, including £100,000 for the acquisition of land for the road approaches. As the accompanying map shows, these road approaches are neatly contrived. On the Edinburgh side the south approach road turns west at Dalmeny and curves round towards the bridge site via a roundabout at the Kirkliston, South Queensferry, Linlithgow cross-roads. On the north side the approach road by-passes busy Inverkeithing, and there is an elaborate fly-over system at the junction of roads leading to Culross, Dunfermline, Cowdenbeath and Aberdeen.

Since 1931 statisticians tell us the chief population increases in Scotland have been found in Kincardine and Clackmannan; in fact, particularly where the gravitation is to the new coalfields. Coal, indeed, may now exercise a strong centrifugal thrust from the Glasgow area, and the region of the Forth begins to assume a new industrial importance, with oil refinery and petro-chemical developments round Grangemouth attracting new population. For this reason, no less than for the other reasons already stated, the Forth Bridge scheme assumes an increasing urgency. Citizens of Edinburgh are not allowing Westminster to remain one moment in ignorance of that urgency, which is linked in so many ways with the wider plans for Scottish development.

ONE OF THE ENGINEERING MARVELS OF THE WORLD: The Forth Railway Bridge, looking towards North Queensferry. By its construction across the Forth in the '80's of the last century a long detour of the railway westward was obviated and direct rail connection was established between Edinburgh and Fife. From the engineer's point of view it marked an epoch in the history of bridge-building. Its enormous clear spans of 1,710 ft. between supports were rendered possible by the use of steel and by the cantilever design of the superstructure. The bridge is slightly over 1½ miles long. Each main river pier consists of four masonry supports resting upon caissons 70 ft. in diameter and sunk to a depth of from 70 to 90 ft. below water-level. The total cost was nearly £3,000,000. On October 16, 1939, German aircraft attempted to bomb the bridge in their first air raid on Britain in the Second World War.

PROGRESS IN ONE OF LONDON'S NORTHERN SATELLITES: Flats, shops, and in the distance, the industrial area of the new Harlow, which is now beginning to make rapid progress. In fifteen years' time 80,000 people from North London's overcrowded boroughs are expected to be living in Harlow. Flats, elm-timbered cottages and modern, single-storeyed, flat-roofed houses are now going up in Harlow at the rate of 1,100 a year, and by September last 1,000 buildings had actually been completed. They are being let at rents from 25s. a week for two bedrooms, sitting-room and bathroom, to a house with three bedrooms for 35s.

HARLOW COMES TO LIFE

THE PROGRESS OF ONE OF LONDON'S SATELLITE TOWNS, WHERE THE PEOPLE ARE NOW MOVING IN

THE STRIKING TEN-STOREYED BLOCK OF FLATS RISING ABOVE THE NEW TOWN: Each flat has its own balcony, and from every direction there are some fine views across the roof-tops of Harlow.

FLATS AND HOUSES NEARING COMPLETION: Semi-detached and detached houses, 1-room flatlets, 1-, 2-, 3- and 4-bedroomed flats, 2-, 3-, 4- and 5-bedroomed houses, 3-, 5- and 10-storeyed flats are among the units of accommodation in the new Harlow which, in time to come, will do much to relieve London's congestion. Last week the New Towns were in the forefront of the news when the Licensed Premises in New Towns Bill came before Parliament and, after heated debate, won acceptance. Mr. Chuter Ede, the former Home Secretary, led the attack on the Bill which he declared was "a triumph for the brewers."

Plans for the decentralisation of population from London, to relieve the great densities of population in the boroughs, are directed largely on the eight new towns with which the Metropolis is being ringed—Basildon, Bracknell, Crawley, Harlow, Hatfield, Hemel Hempstead, Stevenage and Welwyn Garden City. Of these new towns Harlow and Stevenage, lying to the north of London, are already making marked building progress, while Crawley, on the old coaching road to Brighton, is also beginning to take shape. The Harlow satellite town scheme generally has exceeded expectations, and over and above all, this new town is already beginning to have a life of its own and a community spirit of its own. Somehow or other the early criticisms have been silenced, in particular the hostility of local residents who, no doubt, resented the large-scale incursion of Londoners. Although Harlow and the other new towns are referred to as satellites, which in a sense they are, circulating as they do round the main orbit of London, it is explained that each is a self-sufficient town on its own. They are in no sense dormitories for mighty London, but places of work and of residence.

Last September Harlow was the scene of an important ceremony when the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Local Government turned a switch which set in motion production in the first twelve factories. The ceremony was held at a cross-roads on the estate. Declaring the estate open, the Minister said that new towns, in which people could work, live and have all the amenities for starting completely afresh, were the only really sensible way of tackling the development problem. He had seen the benefits derived from working and living in decent surroundings, and the increase in production that came from such conditions.

SNOW and ICE

Austria Produces Wings for the Skier; a New Method of Igloo-building in Switzerland; Prefabricating a Lake-bed in America

SKI-ING WITH SAILS—A NEW DEVICE FROM AUSTRIA: This skier is leaping across a snow-free space with the aid of the "Glockner sail," production of which has just started in Austria. The sail makes possible leaps of from 30 to 50 ft. on only slightly sloping ground. It was devised as long ago as 1937, but because of the war its production has only just begun. The inventors claim that not only does it make possible easy leaps across rocks, snow-free ground and other obstacles, but also makes ski-ing easier for beginners. The leaps are made by adjusting the angle of the sail, which is fastened to the sticks and the chest of the skier.

CARPENTERS PROVIDE A NEW BOTTOM FOR A POND IN AMERICA: These men are laying a floor consisting of 16,000 ft. of spruce boards on the ice of None Such Pond at Natick, in Massachusetts. Tons of sand are to be shovelled on to the boards, so that when the ice melts the whole will sink and provide a firm sandy bottom, which will improve the appearance of the lake and perhaps provide better conditions for certain fish. Previous attempts by dumping loads of sand into the water proved unsuccessful, for ooze at the bottom absorbed all the sand.

THE SWISS PRODUCE A NEW TECHNIQUE IN IGLOO-BUILDING: These Swiss mountaineers, high up in the snowbound Alps, are inflating a balloon which, as shown in the two pictures below, they will use in the construction of a snow-tent or igloo. The balloon has three nozzles and, though quite large, it is inflated by the sturdy lungs of the mountaineers themselves. When it has reached its full size it is put lengthwise on the ground and snow is shovelled over it and packed down hard. The snow quickly freezes and the balloon is then deflated and withdrawn, leaving a snug and warm igloo, ideal, we are told, for camping in the Alps.

SHOVELLING A PILE OF SNOW OVER THE INFLATED BALLOON: It takes three men, each blowing down a separate nozzle, a considerable time to inflate the balloon. Then the snow is patted firmly over the rigid rubber cylinder.

THE BALLOON, HIDDEN UNDER A PILE OF SNOW, IS DEFLATED READY FOR WITHDRAWAL: Inside, with walls of hard, frozen snow, will be a tiny cave, offering security from the sudden storms and blizzards that sweep the Alps.

Personality Parade

Politicians, Singers, Sportsmen and Industrialists Who Have Made Recent Headline News

SIR OLIVER FRANKS, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN WASHINGTON, WHO LAST WEEK DECLINED THE POST OF N.A.T.O. SECRETARY-GENERAL: There was, as Mr. Anthony Eden said, universal and enthusiastic demand for Sir Oliver's services as Secretary-General, and the North Atlantic Treaty Ministers were faced with a difficult problem in finding a substitute. It was believed in London that the post would be offered to Mr. Lester Pearson, the Canadian Foreign Minister and Chairman of the North Atlantic Council. Sir Oliver's refusal came as a surprise in diplomatic circles, where it was felt that before offering him the post N.A.T.O. Ministers would have made some preliminary soundings for his opinion.

VISCOUNT WAVERLEY, WHOSE RESIGNATION AS CHAIRMAN OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON THE TAXATION OF PROFITS AND INCOME WAS DISCLOSED LAST WEEK-END: The appointment, which had been announced only a few days before, was sharply criticised by members of the Opposition. In his letter of resignation, Lord Waverley referred to the Socialist attacks and to "wholly unjustified personal aspersions." He said that he resisted his first inclination to resign, but this attitude was altered when it became clear that the matter was to be debated in the House of Commons.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER OF TUNIS, WHO HAS RETURNED TO LONDON TO TAKE OVER THE MINISTRY OF DEFENCE: Lord Alexander was Governor-General of Canada from 1946 and is taking over the Defence Ministry from the Prime Minister, who is also First Lord of the Treasury. He was to commence his new duties on March 1. Mr. Vincent Massey, the former Canadian High Commissioner in London, succeeds Lord Alexander as Governor-General of Canada, and is the first Canadian to hold that post.

THE RT. HON. R. A. BUTLER, THE CHANCELLOR WITH AN AXE TO GRIND: Mr. Butler, seen here in his house in London, was Minister of Education and, for a short time later, Minister of Labour in the wartime Cabinet. As Chancellor of the Exchequer in Mr. Churchill's new Government he faces a period in office of unprecedented difficulty. The Chancellor's decision to open his Budget on March 11, a week later than had previously been announced, was severely criticised by the Opposition, Mr. Attlee saying that the move seemed both inconvenient and incompetent. The Budget itself was foreshadowed last week when the Vote on Account for 1952-53 was presented to Parliament. The revised estimates for the Army, Navy and Air Force showed an increase of £235,000,000, which will be met by cutting expenditure of the Civil and Revenue departments

BENIAMINO GIGLI SINGS AGAIN IN LONDON: This picture of the great artist was taken in the Royal Albert Hall last week when he sang to an audience of 6,000 people. It was Gigli's first performance in London for eighteen months. He sang nearly thirty songs and arias, ignoring the set programme and throwing in many encores to satisfy a most excitable audience, who cheered and stamped and shouted for more.

MADAME ALPHAND INCITES A MINOR DIPLOMATIC STORM: Madame Alphand, wife of the leading French diplomat Hervé Alphand, who holds ambassadorial rank and represents France on the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, has received an offer to sing in a London night-club, and the suggestion has aroused hot protests in French diplomatic circles. The matter is being debated between those who feel that Madame Alphand's singing career is her affair and those who consider it an affront to diplomatic dignity. But Madame Alphand, who has won fame and dollars in America for her singing, says that she is simply reversing the order of events: many diplomats, she says, have married night-club singers and converted them into dignified diplomats' wives.

THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE CREW ON THE CAM AT ELY: They are to remain at Ely for the next few days and move on to Putney on Tuesday. The Light Blues have been highly praised during their initial period of training. During a recent spell of fast rowing over a distance of a mile-and-a-half they beat by four seconds a record set up by last year's Cambridge crew. The members of this year's crew are: E. J. N. T. Coghill (Gordonstoun, Pembroke), bow; G. A. H. Cadbury (Eton, King's); J. G. P. Crowden (Bedford School, Pembroke), G. T. Marshall (Bryanston, King's), J. R. Dingle (Christ's Hospital, L.M.B.C.), R. F. A. Sharpley (Shrewsbury, L.M.B.C.), N. B. M. Clack (Wycliffe, L.M.B.C.), J. S. M. Jones (Shrewsbury, L.M.B.C.), stroke; and J. F. K. Hinde (Malvern, Pembroke), cox. The Boat Race will be rowed on Saturday, March 29.

THE OXFORD BOAT-RACE CREW AT HENLEY: The members of the Oxford crew seen at a practice row over the Regatta Reach after the announcement of a change in their order of rowing. R. K. Webster was replaced by G. Milling, moved from bow, and N. W. Sanders was brought in to row at bow. The crew is composed of N. Sanders (Merton College), bow; C. G. V. Davidge (Eton, Trinity); C. D. Milling (Radley, Merton); L. A. F. Stokes (Winchester, New College); M. L. Thomas (Clifton, Jesus); H. H. Keniston (Harvard University, Balliol); H. M. C. Quick (Shrewsbury); P. Gladstone (Eton, Christ Church), stroke, and D. R. Glynne-Jones (Magdalen) cox.

THE FORMER CHAIRMAN OF THE IRON AND STEEL CORPORATION OF GREAT BRITAIN: Mr. Steven J. L. Hardie has resigned his post because of a disagreement with the Minister of Supply on steel prices. He is here seen brushing up Cruggleton Justinian, his newly-acquired stock bull for his Shorthorn herd, during a recent tour of the farms on his Ballathie Estate, Perthshire.

THE STEEL BOARD CHANGE-OVER.—When the Minister of Supply, Mr. Duncan Sandys, replied to the letter of resignation of Mr. Steven Hardie, he said: "You give as your reason the divergence of views between us on policy. But, as you know, there has not at any time been any disagreement whatsoever on policy between the Corporation and myself save in regard to one matter—namely, the question of whether the cost of importing finished steel should be included in the price of steel or should be borne by an Exchequer subsidy." Mr. Sandys also pointed out that the Government decision to raise prices had been taken in agreement with the Corporation, and that Mr. Hardie had been outvoted on the issue by his own colleagues. Mr. Hardie, in his original letter of resignation, objected to the rise in prices and complained that since November 13, 1951, he had been prevented by the Minister from carrying out his duties as chairman of the Corporation. Later Mr. Sandys announced that he had authorised an average increase of £4 a ton in the controlled maximum prices of iron and steel, because of the rise in costs in the industry. Sir John Green, the new chairman of the Corporation, considered that the increase was in the interests of the industry, the consumer and the country.

BRITAIN'S NEW STEEL CHIEF—THE DEPUTY CHAIRMAN, SIR JOHN GREEN, TAKES OVER: Sir John is seen at his desk at the London office of the Iron and Steel Corporation after taking over from Mr. Steven Hardie. The new chief supports the case for an increase in steel prices. His salary is £7,500 a year.

WAITING FOR THAT NEW CAR!

The Trials and Tribulations of the Would-be-Motorist in These Car-less Years

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

OF course there are "fiddles" in the allocation of new cars in the home market! Certain dealers have undoubtedly favoured their friends or given priority to customers who were able to make it worth their while in one way or another. By and large, however, I am convinced the motor trade is doing an unenviable job fairly and honestly.

That is why I am glad the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders had the sense to call a Press conference and place before it full details of all that has been done to ensure that the meagre supply of cars for domestic use has been equitably distributed.

These facts have been incorporated in a memorandum addressed to all Members of Parliament, and it is obvious that the S.M.M.T. have made this move to take the wind out of the verbal sails of Miss Elaine Burton, Labour M.P. for Coventry South, who, with other M.P.s, has tabled a Prayer raising the whole question of home car deliveries.

The memorandum has been prepared in conjunction with the Motor Agents' Association, the Scottish Motor Trade Association and the British Motor Trade Association. It traces the history of the covenant—which at present prohibits the re-sale of a new car for two years—outlines the priority system which favours people like doctors, veterinary surgeons, midwives and others working "in the national interest," and reminds M.P.s that "except in exceptional circumstances" a person who has had one post-war car must not have another.

Says the S.M.M.T.: "These conditions were considered unnecessarily restrictive and irksome by a large and influential section of the public, but they have been loyally worked to by the trade, often against their own interests. Where it has been proved that distributors and dealers have not complied with the terms of the directive, manufacturers themselves have taken disciplinary action against them."

The B.M.T.A. comes into the picture when members of the public defy the covenant. It has investigated 11,782 cases, but the results of their investigations show that no more than 2½ per cent. of all the covenants executed since the scheme began have been breached.

Action has been taken before the B.M.T.A. Price Protection Committee in 1,207 cases directly concerned with the covenant scheme. In addition, 1,045 High Court writs have been issued for breaches of covenant and 999 other cases were "actively in course of settlement or awaiting the issue of a writ" at the time the memorandum was prepared.

In common with other motoring correspondents I get many letters from disgruntled readers who have been waiting for a new car much longer than friends who have already obtained delivery from another dealer, perhaps in the same town.

On this point the S.M.M.T. make this comment: "It is not generally recognised that there are some 8,000 dealers throughout the country who sell new cars, and these between them represent over thirty makes.

"According to the local demand and the makes represented, it must be seen at once that waiting lists must vary from time to time and from make to make, according to price and popularity. Of these 8,000 dealers, some are under contract to one manufacturer, some to two or three or even more.

"In addition, there are about 8,000 traders or repairers who are not under contract to any manufacturer" that is, they do not hold a definite agency for the car in question—"and who look to the contracting distributors or dealers of the district to supply new cars."

I have quoted that passage in full because it deals with a source of frequent complaint by impatient car customers who should, of course, have taken greater care to see that they ordered their car from a man who was actually an agent for that particular car. The S.M.M.T. is not unsympathetic to the plight of would-be buyers who have ordered their cars in this way, and in discussions they are now having with the Government—primarily to plug even more effectively the loopholes in the existing distribution scheme—special attention is being given to this subject.

From January 1, 1946, to December 31 last the number of new cars delivered to the home market was 720,000—an average of 120,000 a year. If deliveries had taken place at the pre-war level of more than 300,000 a year the total made available in those six years would have been about 2,000,000.

The only real remedy for the present problems of distribution—and only 60,000 new cars have been authorised for the home market this year—is a much larger flow of new cars to the roads of Britain. Those are the words of the S.M.M.T., who also say: "Whatever method of control is adopted, the stark fact remains that there are not sufficient new cars even to meet the needs of those who require them in the national interest, let alone annual wastage. A minimum of 160,000 new cars is required each year to keep a reasonable fleet of cars available to serve the essential needs of industry and trade.

"Even this figure of 160,000 would not greatly ease the dire necessity of replacing the majority of the 1,500,000 pre-war cars still on the roads."

Now let's rub salt into the wound. . . . In January Britain shipped 37,926 cars overseas—the largest number ever exported in a single month and beating by a narrow margin the record set up last November. It's one of the marvels of industrial history that Britain's car exports have held up so well in the face of rapidly-saturating markets, foreign competition, shipping difficulties and rising prices.

It would be catastrophic, from the point of view of Britain's balance of trade, if the bottom suddenly fell out of the car export markets. A flood of new cars, presumably, would become immediately available for the home market. That would bring down second-hand prices with a bang; and how many of the people waiting for new cars—there are about 1,250,000 on the order books—could afford them, with the two-thirds purchase tax in force, if they did not get a good price for their present cars? It is a sombre thought. People who misguidedly yearn for the export market to collapse so that there will be more new cars for Britain should think again . . .

As Britain's car population gets older and older it is not surprising that breakdowns on the open road become more frequent. In 1951 24,081 members of the R.A.C.—20,929 of them being car owners—had to use the Club's "Get you home" service. That was an increase of 60 per cent. over 1950.

An analysis of these breakdowns shows that the causes are in much the same proportion as in previous years. Main troubles were: ignition, 19·22 per cent.; broken axle shafts, 11·97 per cent.; carburation, 9·82 per cent.; cylinders and pistons, 7·04 per cent.; and clutch, 5·76 per cent.

It is difficult to imagine any of these troubles when you are driving a Vauxhall Wyvern, tuned so well and in such good condition generally as the one I recently tested.

This 1½-litre, 4-cylinder, overhead valve, five-six-seater saloon has the same integrally-built, four-door body as its bigger brother, the 2¼-litre, 6-cylinder Velox, and you might expect to find it rather over-bodied. Well, I suppose it is, really, but if you do not expect a high top speed there are not many other major faults you 'll find with the Wyvern.

In spite of a recent increase of £20 on the list price, making it £495 (£771 10s. with purchase tax), the Wyvern is still an inexpensive car and it is also cheap to run, with an overall petrol consumption of about 28 miles to the gallon.

I do not like the counter-balanced sliding windows (I prefer a winder), but there are many excellent design features, including large luggage locker, wide, curved windscreen, large rear window, automatic courtesy lights, pleasing facia and press-button door-handles.

The Wyvern holds the road well, has comfortable springing (with coil springs for the independent front suspension instead of the torsion bars fitted to the earlier model) and has a quiet-running engine which keeps up 50–55 m.p.h. without fuss. Top speed is about 62 m.p.h. If you make good use of the three-speed gearbox, which has an easy-to-operate steering column gear lever, this Luton-built car has a lively performance for traffic work.

To end these notes let me briefly run through some of the items dealt with in my last article, which was crowded out of the excellent souvenir number of THE SPHERE recording our late King's funeral.

Before leaving for an on-the-spot investigation of marketing conditions in Australia and New Zealand, Sir John Black, chief of the Standard and Triumph firms, announced that the Standard Co. is to produce a four-door, four-seat, 4-cylinder "baby" car of "less than 8 h.p." He hopes to have this economy car in production next year.

A road test of France's 1,221 cc. Simca Aronde ("Swallow") showed it to be an attractive four-seater with a top speed of nearly 80 m.p.h., the ability to cruise effortlessly at 65 m.p.h. and a moderate fuel consumption. In France it costs about £755 (including a relatively small sales tax).

It holds the road well and corners fast without fuss . . .

The new Austin Somerset is basically the same as the 1,200 cc. Devon and will still be known as the A 40. It is roomier and more powerful. In appearance it resembles the larger A 70 and the smaller A 30 (better known perhaps as the Austin Seven). The engine now has the cylinder head developed for the A 40 Sports. With only two windows each side instead of three, the front and rear doors are 4 and 8 ins. wider respectively . . .

Congratulations to Jaguar Cars Ltd. on setting up new speed records at Daytona with standard models of the Mark VII saloon and XK 120 two-seater sports (100·9 and 119·8 m.p.h.); and to the Rootes Group for whom (and almost without their knowing) bearded George Hinchliffe, of Bradford, drove a Hillman Minx 10,500 miles from London to the Cape in record time, beating the previous best figure by two days, five hours and five minutes . . .

ARABIAN KING'S ENTERTAINMENT: Three American factory girls seated in one of the twenty specially built six-door luxury Cadillacs, which the Arabian American Oil Company has ordered as a present for the ageing King Ibn Saud. The cars are for the use of the King's four present wives and his 100 ex-wives. They are among the biggest and most elegant cars ever made in America, and will each take six passengers in great comfort. The cars are electrically cooled for the hot desert days.

GOOD PULL-UP FOR CARMEN! These new emergency brakes for heavy vehicles, developed by a German engineer, are claimed to bring a truck from 30 m.p.h. to a standstill in a space of 15 ft. The brakes, operated from the driver's seat, consist of four metal blocks similar in appearance to a skid brake used in a horse-drawn wagon.

'FRISCO'S DAY OF TRAFFIC CHAOS: When the municipal tramway system was involved in a strike recently automobile owners had to drive into town, and as a result all parking-places were soon filled. The police eased the situation by allowing cars to park in the main thoroughfares, even in busy Market Street, which is seen in this picture. In other streets there were serious traffic jams.

A GREAT CLOUD OF WHISTLING TEAL RISE FROM A CALCUTTA LAKE : These birds winter on this lake in the Calcutta Zoo and depart for their summer habitat in Northern Bengal during April. At the height of the season there are usually well over 5,000 birds on the lake, almost covering the surface. The whistling teal—so called from its regular and rather sibilant whistle—is a heavy, dark-brown duck with rounded wings, frequenting over-grown swamps and trees in many parts of India and the Far East. The bird is a local migrant, its movements depending largely on the water-supply. It is a strong and quick swimmer and dives well. In flight it is not very fast, though the wings are beaten rapidly and with great effort. Breeding from late June to September, a certain number of its nests are to be found on the ground or a few feet above in masses of dense herbiage. But the ordinary nest is in a tree, either in the deserted nests of crows or kites, or in the hollows in the trunks and branches. The trees chosen are usually in the vicinity of water. The nest is a well-made structure of twigs and sticks lined with grass and a few feathers. Sometimes the eggs are laid in the hole of a tree without a nest.

DUCKS AND SKATES

Whistling Teal on a Lake in Calcutta ; Wild Ducks in the U.S.A. ; a Great Sting-ray at Marineland, Florida

A FLOCK OF WILD DUCK DISTURB THE WINTER TRANQUILLITY OF A PARK IN THE U.S.A. : These birds seem to enjoy the soft white blanket of snow after taking their morning swim on a lake at Springfield, Massachusetts. Some of them are seen on the wing as they seek perches on the snow-covered branches of a lake-side tree. They are probably mallard, the common wild duck of the Northern Hemisphere, which are to be found, half-tame, on most lakes in the parks of Great Britain. They feed on plants, snails, worms and insects and great numbers of them are winter migrants. Most of our domesticated ducks are descended from the common mallard.

HAND-FEEDING A VICIOUS MONSTER OF THE SEAS : This diver, on the bottom of one of the great aquaria at Marineland, Florida, is feeding a huge sting-ray, of the same family as the common skate, which has jaws powerful enough to crush clam- and oyster-shells. Around him swarm the smaller, emblazoned fish that share the great tank with the sting-ray and the shark seen in the bottom right-hand corner. The sting-ray's tail is used as a defensive weapon and can inflict an ugly wound, highly inflamed from the mucous secretions of the fish. Most sting-rays are found in tropical waters and only one—popularly known as the fire-flair—is found in the seas around Great Britain. The spine of the fish was used by natives of the South Sea islands as points to their spears.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

MORE ABOUT THE CARLYLES

"Necessary Evil," a Weighty But Highly-Readable Volume; The Revival of Interest in Zola

THE lives of Carlyle and Jane Welsh Carlyle have been written, re-written, discovered and uncovered until the average reader (which, after all, is a good kind of reader to be) may well feel that he knows the stormy couple almost too well through prose, and might not have liked them any better in life. They are separately and, even more, together excellent subjects for study, however, and it is more than probable that articulate students of literature, or of the nineteenth century, or indeed of Scots-born Londoners, will long continue to hone their wits on the Carlyles.

NECESSARY EVIL (Constable. 45s.) is a biography of Jane Welsh Carlyle, but necessarily there is much in the long and physically heavy book about her famous husband, who was a giant in his own age and whose reputation has fluctuated so strangely in the last seventy years. The heaviness I mention is, incidentally, only in the actual thickness and weight of the book, which make one wish that the old two-volume format were still economically possible. As to the matter, which includes many fresh letters printed for the first time here, that is admirable, and its orderly, harmonious arrangement a great tribute to the patient talent of Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson.

The other day, in Paris, two authors of real distinction conducted one of those wonderful duels in print which are the especial foible of the French. One gentleman wrote a play; the other, his friend, attended its first performance—or at least attended part of it, for he was seen to walk out before the end. That was enough, and soon the printer's ink was flying, one of the protagonists with some effect borrowing Zola's magnificent formula and altering it to his own needs. "*Je t'accuse . . . je t'accuse . . .*" were the words that began each paragraph of his indictment, and if not loaded with the same dynamite, they did at least prove that Zola's influence is still a literary force with which we must reckon.

EMILE ZOLA (Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.) is described as an introductory study of his novels, and it is that and more. Mr. Angus Wilson approaches his subject with the respect that one writer may have for another, and also with a writer's understanding of another's special problems. I found this book deeply interesting and a reminder, as such works should be, that it is too long since one has read the books of the original.

LAST VOYAGE (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.) tells thê extraordinary story of a young couple who bought an old fishing-ketch, spent all their money in converting it to their own ideas, and planned to use it for a home, and to sail in it to the furthest points of the compass. Unfortunately for them, their funds were exhausted before they could put their scheme into operation, the mortgagees foreclosed, and they were faced with disaster. Their way out of this—unorthodox, illicit but exciting—was to run for it—with the boat. This they did, desperately escaping to sea and hoping to gain a respite somewhere abroad. But the voyage ended in disaster; Frank Davison was drowned in a storm off Portland Bill, and Ann Davison miraculously survived, crawled ashore, and lived to write this very candid account of their fatal enterprise.

Mr. Don Dallas is an English newspaperman who, on behalf of Reuter's Agency, spent two-and-a-half years in Moscow after the war. He is young, his training has taught him to be observant, and his natural inclination in writing seems to be reasonably objective. His book, DATELINE MOSCOW (Heinemann. 21s.), is, in consequence, of considerable interest because it is fresh, topical and not impossibly biased. Mr. Dallas writes of Russia as he found it, and that was chiefly through its people, not in vast, Red Square cohorts, but individually, in offices and shops, and in their homes. He writes, too, of the Russian courts of justice, of schools and summer camps for children, and of theatres, but he shows the reverse of the picture as well, in stories of the purges, of concentration camps, spying and the fate of the Russian wives of the British technicians. Discussing the existence of classes in Russia, Mr. Dallas has this to say: "In theory they did establish a one-class State at the time of the Revolution—the class of the proletariat, or workers, and the peasants. But in practice to-day the class system is very marked in Russia. The ordinary Russian believes firmly in class, rank, privilege and position. And no Government decrees would ever make him change his basic beliefs." That may be news to some of us, but then, basically too, Mr. Dallas is a man who deals in news.

SUCCESS STORY: Noël Annan, whose first book, *Leslie Stephen*, has just been awarded the James Tait Black Memorial Prize as the best biography for 1951, seen with his wife Gabriele, granddaughter of the founder of the German publishing house of Ullstein. *Leslie Stephen* was published in September 1951, and was widely reviewed. It appeared in February 1952 in America from Harvard University Press, who are already reprinting.

There are no half-measures in the way in which one author deals this week with the question of the traditional *versus* the modern. As applied to the rather particular subject of English girls' schooling, Winifred Peck weighs in with some strong arguments on the side of the traditional, and backs them up with her spirited if slightly exaggerated views of modernism at work. WINDING WAYS (Faber. 12s. 6d.) is a mildly amusing novel, well-mannered in spite of its far from sly digs at Lady Peck's *betes noirs* which appear to include psychiatrists, committee women, unconventional girls, and that true horror, the Ill-bred Person.

THE LEFT HAND OF GOD (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), a frankly emotional but not a negligible novel by Mr. William E. Barrett, takes one as far away as can be imagined from the previous book, both in mood and setting. Anne is an American nurse, working in a Catholic mission in the mountains of a remote part of China. The time is post-war, and the district is suffering not only from the exhaustion of years of fighting but from the depredations of the local war lord. The Christian Chinese of the mission had been praying for the safe arrival of an expected priest, and when he comes and works for them, he is made welcome. In fact, he is an imposter. The young priest has died on the way and Jim, an American ex-bomber pilot, now working for the war lord, has taken his place. The complications are obvious and increased by Anne's falling in love with the man she still believes to be a priest. Mr. Barrett handles this rather melodramatic theme with assurance, and manages to bring about an acceptable end.

M. Hervé Bazin gives us a study of a borderline case of insanity, in HEAD AGAINST THE WALL (Secker and Warburg. 15s.), which is, in its enquiring, perceptive and seldom morbid way, a novel of some distinction. The story opens with a burglary, but even this is far from banal since it is theft from a father by a son. The young man escapes with his loot in a stolen car, but crashes, and wakes at length to find himself in a mental institution. His father is a judge and has taken this course rather than face the inevitable scandal. The boy himself is unbalanced, but no more, though he is to spend the rest of his life in and out of asylums. M. Bazin writes with an objective coolness, but the tragedy and his recognition of it is no less evident. An unhappy and remarkable book. The translation is by W. J. Strachan.

THE BOTTLE ORGAN (Wingate. 12s. 6d.) is another French novel, of a different type though, for M. René Masson writes of the bizarre world of France's Tin Pan Alley, in which poor singers and composers beat out some kind of a living in Paris. The setting verges on the fantastic, and against it M. Masson has chosen to tell a love-story, pathetic and touching, of a girl and a half-starved music-hall singer. The writing in all but a few scenes is forceful to the point of brutality, and it could scarcely be argued that this is a pretty book, or a sympathetic one. But it has strength, a kind of realism, and even a rough humour. The translation here is by Constantine FitzGibbon.

Another phase of China's struggle is shown in Lettie Rogers' novel, THE STORM CLOUD (Collins. 10s. 6d.), which is set in 1927, a year of revolution and counter-revolution. Leila is the third daughter of old Koo, a local grandee in a provincial city, and he, through the tide of revolt, has been first swept out and then back into his position as overlord. The girl, who led the revolutionaries during his absence, is now at the head of those who will be executed. Her father is determined to save her, but Madame Koo has another plan which involves the safety of her family, and the death of Leila. When the girl finally escapes, she finds temporary sanctuary with a young Eurasian doctor, but it is the hunt for her through the city that gives the book its drama. To do the author justice, it should be added that the final act of violence with which the book closes has a classic inevitability.

To say that a book will be enjoyed as much by older children as by adults is not to denigrate it in the least, and certainly not in the case of Gordon Daviot's excellent tale, THE PRIVATEER (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.). This is a story, told in an appropriately vivid style, of the fabulous career of Henry Morgan who, from being a Caribbean pirate 300 years ago, was knighted by Charles II and became Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica. I enjoyed this book mightily and refer other authors of historical romances to Gordon Daviot's astringent note in the last pages of this one.

WILKIE COLLINS

The Grandfather of Detective Fiction Writing

It has often been said of Wilkie Collins that the influence of Charles Dickens was clearly traceable in his work, and no doubt, indeed, under the guidance of the master of characterisation, Collins' skill in that branch of novel-writing vastly improved. It is no less true to say, however, that Collins, the master of plot, taught a great deal to Dickens, who longed to shine as an elaborator of plots. The professional and social intimacy between the two writers was indeed considerable, and Robert Ashley, in his biography WILKIE COLLINS (Arthur Barker. 7s. 6d.), a new addition to the "English Novelists" Series, duly stresses this relationship. He is careful, however, to avoid the pitfalls which marred the work of earlier biographers, who were inclined to use books about Dickens as main sources of information for books about Collins. Ardent Dickensians belittled Collins consistently, and as a result, it has taken a long time for scholarship to begin to repair the damage done, and to correct the errors of fact and opinion bequeathed by the Dickensians. As Mr. Ashley points out, however, the task is no easy one, as the irregular nature of Collins's life has led to many a false trail. Collins's friends, it seems, were so often under the necessity for hushing things up that posterity was robbed of essential data. Scarcity of biographical information might also be due to the fact that the novelist left no legitimate child to write a dutiful memoir, as he himself did for his own father, the painter William Collins. We do know, however, that Wilkie Collins suffered from chronic ill-health and that he took large and increasing doses of opium to relieve his pain. We know, too, that in the days of his wider fame he suffered from the importunities of ladies whom he had sought out in his younger and gayer days. Mr. Ashley, more intent upon the literary than the biographical aspect of things, is concerned to assess the true place of Wilkie Collins in literary history; and a high place it is indeed. He emphasises beyond doubt that Collins was at once a master at creating atmosphere and at generating suspense, a writer who earned the unstinting admiration of the majority of his contemporary craftsmen, and deserved so to do. If Conan Doyle was the father of detective fiction says Mr. Ashley, then Collins was the grandfather.

"We who live in Oxfordshire go to Oxford to shop, to hospital and to be hanged, but so are we born and taught that the counters of Woolworth are more to our taste than the cloisters of Magdalen, the tables of the Cadena than the quadrangles of Christ Church; and we have no pride in the beauty, no knowledge of the glory, no share in the spirit of the home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs." Thus writes Joanna Cannan in the opening chapter of her racy contribution on OXFORDSHIRE to the popular "County" Series (Robert Hale. 18s.). Joanna Cannan knows her subject well, for she was born and brought up in Oxford. Three of her nineteen novels have Oxfordshire settings, *High Table, Princes in the Land* and *Snow in Harvest*. She regrets in passing that Oxfordshire's own children have been slow to praise her. It is the passers-by who have taken Oxford to their hearts, says Miss Cannan.

Robert Southey's LETTERS FROM ENGLAND (Cresset Press. 12s. 6d.) has long been known to historians as a source of curious and fascinating information, but, strangely enough, it has not been reprinted since 1814. Now the omission is made good, and many will revel in this *omnium gatherum* which purports to be an account of nineteenth-century England by a Spanish traveller, Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella. In actual fact it is all Southey, and quite exceptionally readable.

E. V. Lucas's fine felicity and urbanity of style, which made him such a brilliant exponent of the light essay form, contributed to the success of his travel book A WANDERER IN PARIS, which was originally published in 1909. This new edition (Methuen. 15s.) has been expertly revised by Audrey Lucas, the author's daughter, but the task has not been overwhelmingly difficult, for Paris has not changed much with the passing years, having escaped the horrors of Second World War bombing.

CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.) is the work of Alex Weissberg, a scientist of Austrian origin and at one time a member of the Communist Party who was arrested during the great Stalinist purge of 1937 and survived to tell the tale, despite confessing to many various and remarkable crimes. It is not a book of horrors, but a tale of straightforward despotism. What the reader has to decide for himself is the perspective, and there, of course, is the rub. Arthur Koestler, arch enemy of Stalinism, provides the introduction.

THE ELEMENTS OF FIGURE-SKATING (George Allen and Unwin. 25s.), by Dr. Ernest Jones, is a comprehensive description of a great art. It is essentially of interest for the specialist.

CHROMIUM

THE only workable source of the element chromium is chromite, a compound of chromium, iron and oxygen mined in Russia, Africa and Turkey. Chromium is known everywhere as the plating on taps, hardware and motor fittings, but it has other and more important applications. Alloyed with steel, for example, it imparts superior strength and surface hardness, and it is from chromium that stainless steel derives its resistance to corrosion. As well as being the source of chromium, crude chromite ore is used to make heat-resisting firebricks and cements for the construction of furnaces. Chromium derives its name from the Greek "χρῶμα", meaning colour, because its compounds are almost always coloured. Known as chrome pigments, some of these — the chromates of lead, zinc and barium for example — are used extensively for colouring paints, linoleum, rubber and ceramics. Chromium sulphate is important in tanning, and potassium dichromate in the dyeing of wool, silk and leather. Other chromium compounds are used in photography and in the manufacture of safety matches.

I.C.I. makes a complete range of chrome pigments for the paint, linoleum and rubber industries, besides employing chromium compounds as catalysts in the manufacture of aviation petrol and methanol, an industrial alcohol.

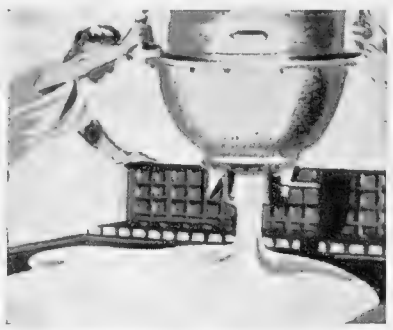
ICI

"You are missing one of the best things in life until you sleep on Dunlopillo"

Why you must have a Dunlopillo mattress. Dunlopillo comfort is different. It has revolutionised all ideas of healthful sleep and luxurious rest. You sleep deeper, wake fresher. It's essential to modern life.

Why a Dunlopillo mattress stays completely comfortable always. It's made from unique latex foam which never loses its original shape or comfort. It is cheapest in the end. The ideal mattress for baby too!

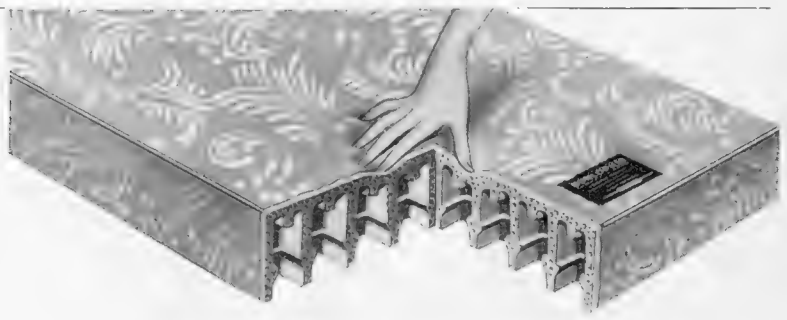
Why a Dunlopillo mattress is naturally self-ventilating and never needs airing. The latex foam contains millions of tiny, interconnected cells through which air circulates with every movement of your body.



Why a Dunlopillo mattress never needs remaking. The latex foam is moulded in one piece, it never develops lumps or hollows, never sags or 'bunches up'. There is nothing to come loose, creak or rust.

Why a Dunlopillo mattress saves housework. It never has to be turned, shaken or 'plumped up' and always has a neat, smooth surface. It cannot cause dust, is light in weight and so easy to handle!

Why a Dunlopillo mattress is outstandingly hygienic. Latex foam is self-ventilating, dustless and germ and vermin-resisting. Thousands of Dunlopillo mattresses are used in hospitals throughout the world.



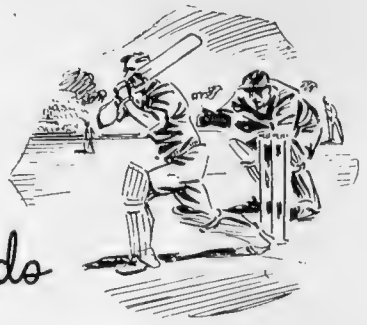
DUNLOPILLO

THE MOST COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC AND ECONOMICAL *Mattress* IN THE WORLD

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD. (DUNLOPILLO DIVISION), RICE LANE, WALTON, LIVERPOOL, 9 LONDON: 77 KINGS ROAD, CHELSEA, S.W.3 **FOUNDERS OF THE LATEX FOAM INDUSTRY**

2D/D7C

At Wimbledon..



.... or at Lords

...or wherever fine cigarettes are appreciated... smokers prefer

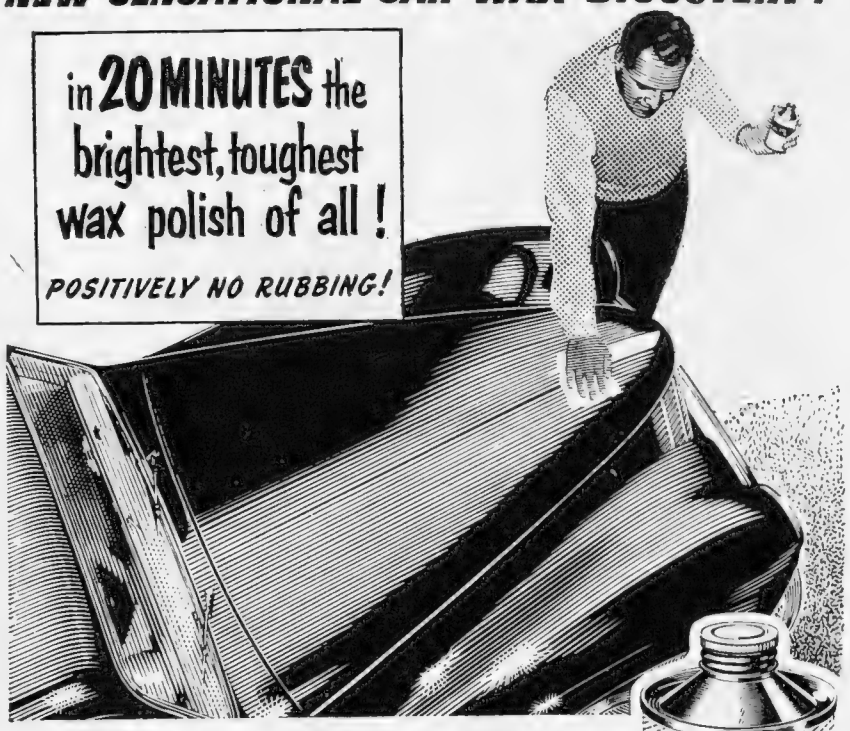
13

The House of STATE EXPRESS 210 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

NEW SENSATIONAL CAR-WAX DISCOVERY!

in 20 MINUTES the brightest, toughest wax polish of all!

POSITIVELY NO RUBBING!



GUARANTEE: Car-Plate is a Wax—only wax gives lasting shine and protection

Thousands of motorists have proved that Car-Plate gives their cars a genuine wax finish, the brightest shine, the most lasting protection—*in 20 minutes!* Spread Car-Plate on a clean* car, let dry—then wipe lightly! No rubbing with Car-Plate! Your money back if not completely satisfied. Get a tin today!

5/- from all garages

JOHNSON'S CAR-PLATE

SPREAD . . . LET DRY . . . WIPE!

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX

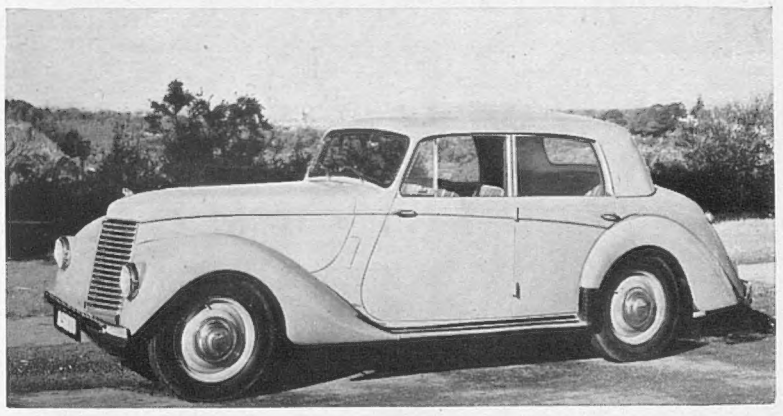
★ *The easy way to prepare the finish of your car for a Car-Plate waxing is to clean it super-clean with Johnson's Carnu.*

PROGRESS

The Rolls-Royce "Avon"
powers the Hawker P.1067
interceptor fighter
now in production for
the R.A.F.

ROLLS-ROYCE
Aero
ENGINES

ROLLS-ROYCE LTD · DERBY



In view of the continued shortage of new cars we make a particular point of offering the best possible selection of modern used models for immediate purchase.

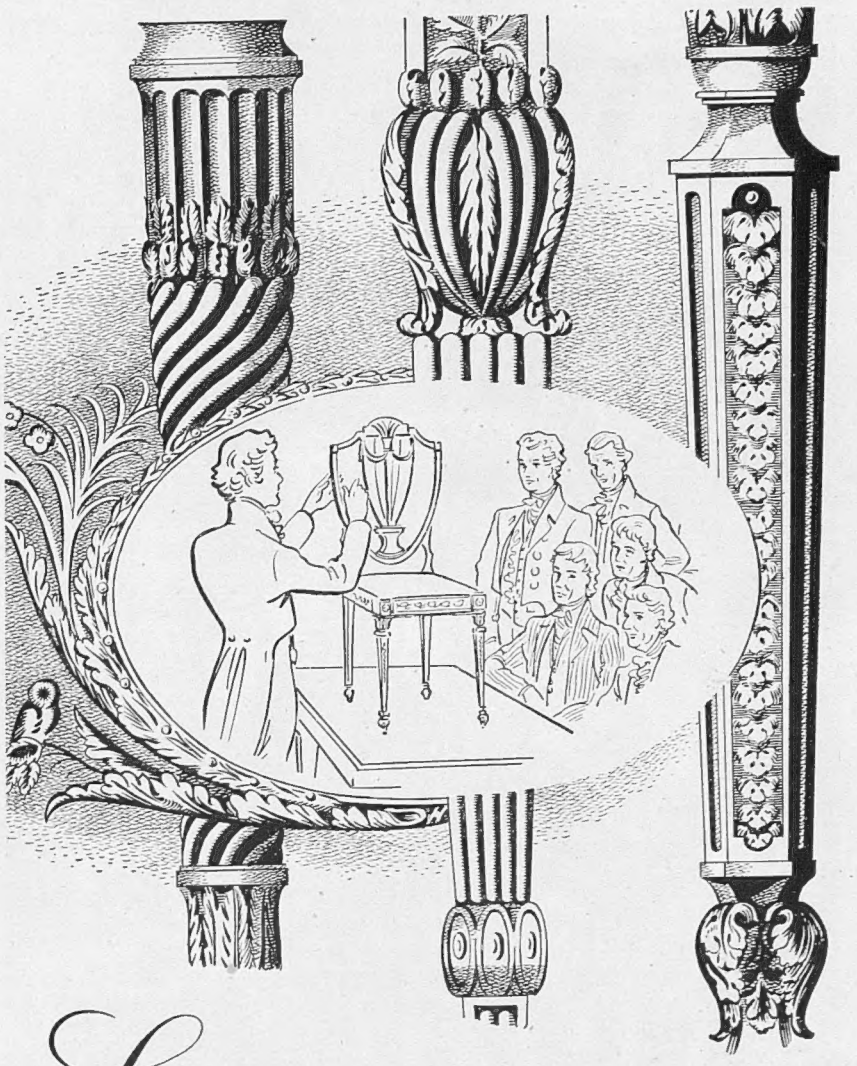
PASS AND JOYCE LTD

The **CAR PEOPLE**

184-188, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.I.

Telephone MUSeum 1001 (6 lines)

London and district distributors of Armstrong Siddeley Cars.
Authorised Retailers of Rolls-Royce and Bentley Cars.



LEADERSHIP

With his inspired use of graceful lines and superb materials, Thomas Sheraton brought new beauty and charm into countless homes. He was a leader in design and style.

FORD LEADERSHIP is in a different field, but the same regard is paid to the importance of perfection in design and materials. In these, as in all other aspects of 'Five-Star' Motoring, Ford Leadership is unassailable.

Ford Leadership is 'Five-Star' Leadership.

Ford

MOTORING IS 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING

THE BEST AT LOWEST COST

★★★★★

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED · DAGENHAM

This is the Gin

By Appointment
Gin Distillers
to H.M. King George VI

Quality Incomparable

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

Vital care
for Vital Hair

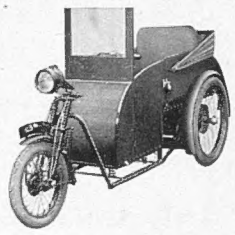
If you use Rowland's Macassar Oil, you will be delighted with the vitality of your hair. Dullness will be replaced by a lustre and softness that tell you your hair is in perfect condition!

First made in 1793

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

16/9

INVALID CARRIAGES
PETROL, ELECTRIC and HAND-PROPELLED
TRICYCLES



TRILOX
DURSLEY ROAD, TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.
Catalogue Post Free.

V315

VAPEX
for head colds

BREATHE THE VAPOUR FOR PROMPT RELIEF

Use the Vapex Inhaler which contains Vapex in a most convenient form, ideal for daytime. At night put a drop of Vapex on the end of your pillow. For chest colds rub in Vapex Volatol.

Vapex Inhaler.....1/6
Vapex Inhalant.....3/-
Vapex Volatol.....1/9
of all Chemists
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD

also ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR VAPEX PASTILLES · 2/-

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

THE days are lengthening once more. Winter may try to have a final fling, but it is evident that spring is bestirring herself in the woods and hedgerows.

I have been on the road again, into the heart of Sussex and around the highways and byways of Surrey, and my quest has not been unfruitful. When the weather is fickle, the hotel which can offer warmth scores heavily over its austere neighbours. It can blow cold at times over that beauty patch of Sussex, Ashdown Forest, but the nine-bedroomed *Roebuck Hotel*, which stands on the London-Eastbourne road, six miles south of East Grinstead, is a snuggery in winter and a suntrap in summer. You will find its counterpart on the London-Portsmouth road in *The Royal Anchor* at Liphook. Both grand spots for wonderful food and week-end relaxation.

To enjoy the luxury of central heating, a private bathroom and radio rediffusion by my bedside, I hope to put in a week-end at that hotel associated with *The Stafford* in London, *The Royal Norfolk* at Bognor Regis. Not only is it modernly and brightly furnished, but high standards have been achieved in comfort and catering. And what an enviable record for sunshine Bognor holds!

It may be, however, that you seek luxurious surroundings without the trappings and environment of a large, first-class hotel. If so, make a note of *The Bay Court*, which stands on a private estate at Aldwick Bay, just outside Bognor Regis. Here, right on the edge of the sea, you can enjoy supreme comfort for two guineas a day until the end of March (when summer terms begin to operate). It may sound expensive, but it isn't!

Warmth was my theme, and central heating, plus sunny Sussex, make a good combination. My recommendations in this county are by no means exhausted. At Hove, for example, I can offer you *The Dudley Hotel*, which is under the very able personal direction of Mr. F. Kung, Swiss-born and Swiss-trained, or, if you seek hotels of a rather more residential character, *The Kingsway* and *The Lawns*, also at Hove. At Crowborough is *The Crest Hotel*, where they even have central heating in the bathrooms; at Ninfield, behind Bexhill, the *Moor Hall Hotel*, where the lover of horses and outdoor pursuits will be especially in his element, and at Pulborough, *The Chequers Hotel*, a fifteenth-century coaching inn, as dry as a bone, and as solid as the rock on which it stands, with central heating throughout.

And, in the highways and byways of Surrey, I found some Americans purring in the warmth of that hotel of luxurious distinction, *The Kingsclear* at Camberley. Then, at the *Oatlands Park Hotel*, Weybridge, I found true hospitality, a Sunday lunch which was extraordinarily good value, and ninety people in residence. That seems to me a pretty fair testimony to a good management.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

BIGBURY BAY, S. DEVON. BURGH ISLAND HOTEL
A luxury hotel in the perfect setting on a private island of 30 acres, 400 yards from the South Devon coast. Ideal for Spring or Summer holidays. Write to the Manager for full particulars.

ROSSLEY MANOR COUNTRY CLUB
Nr. CHELTENHAM (3½ miles). Celebrates its 21st anniversary this year. Squash, Swimming, Tennis, Saturday Dinner Dances. For details and descriptive brochure write The Secretary. Tel.: Andoversford 233.

FOLKESTONE, KENT. PRINCES HOTEL
for air that braces, sun that tans, cooking that pleases, cocktails that cheer and nights of restfulness. A first-class hotel for long or short holidays. Sunny, sheltered position. Fully licensed. Tel.: 2850.

HAYWARDS HEATH, Sussex. BIRCH HOTEL
Ideal for holidays or permanent residence. Excellent travel facilities to Coast and to London (45 mins.). Lovely garden, Swimming Pool, Tennis and Squash. Brochure on request. Resident Proprietors. Tel.: 670.

HYTHE, Kent. HOTEL IMPERIAL
Standing in a wonderful island position overlooking the sea. 9-hole Golf Course, Tennis, Croquet, Bowls, Putting, all in own 50-acre grounds. First-class comfort, food and service. Cocktail bar; sun-deck lounge, Ballroom. Tel.: 67441.

JERSEY, C.I., ROZEL BAY. LA CHAIRE
(1st Register.)—Country House atmosphere; 10-acres lovely grounds. Fully licensed; Cocktail Bar. Continental cuisine. Good bathing and fishing. Own car hire service. Apply Manager. Tel.: Northern 198.

Jersey, C.I. Hotel L'HORIZON, St. Brelade's Bay
(1st Register.)—Jersey's most modern luxury hotel, stands at the water's edge of this lovely Bay, with glorious sands and a Mediterranean blue sea. Resident Dance Orchestra. Continental Cuisine. Cocktail Bar. Vacancies April, May, and from mid-September. Tel.: St. Aubin 887.

KESWICK, English Lakeland. DERWENTWATER HOTEL
Portinscale. 1 mile Keswick, midst glorious scenery, with direct frontage to Lake. 50 bedrooms, elegant and spacious Lounges, home produce, central heating. Fully Licensed. Large Garage. Moderate tariff (special rates for children). Games Room. R.A.C., A.A. Tel.: Keswick 538.

KESWICK HOTEL, KESWICK, LAKE DISTRICT
On the score of location and amenities, this 100-bedroom well-heated Hotel has won international fame. Here all lakes, mountains and places of historic interest are accessible with or without your own car. Outstanding catering and service. A.A., R.A.C. (4-star). Write for Brochure or telephone Keswick 20.

LEOMINSTER. THE TALBOT HOTEL
Touring Britain this year? Don't miss lovely Herefordshire, with this comfortable hotel as your focal point. The Resident Proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. A. Street, will personally welcome you and help you with your local itinerary. Tel.: Leominster 12.

LLANDUDNO, N. Wales. ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL
On the front and always in the limelight for comfort, good food, entertainment and service. Fully licensed. Ballroom. Lift. Free golfing facilities at two of Llandudno's best Courses. George Perl, Manager. Tel.: 7873.

LONDON, GORE HOTEL and RESTAURANT
189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. A small luxury hotel, quietly situated, with a Restaurant becoming famous for its *à la carte* menus. The Wine List, designed to suit the palate of the connoisseur and the pockets of the impoverished, is surely the finest in London. No music. No dancing. Tel.: Kensington 3621.

MINEHEAD, SOMERSET, NORTHFIELD
Situated in 3 acres of grounds, aims at high standards of catering and comfort *at any time of the year*. Convalescence? A Honeymoon? Or just in holiday mood? Exmoor, the sea, and Northfield make a happy combination. Tel.: 864.

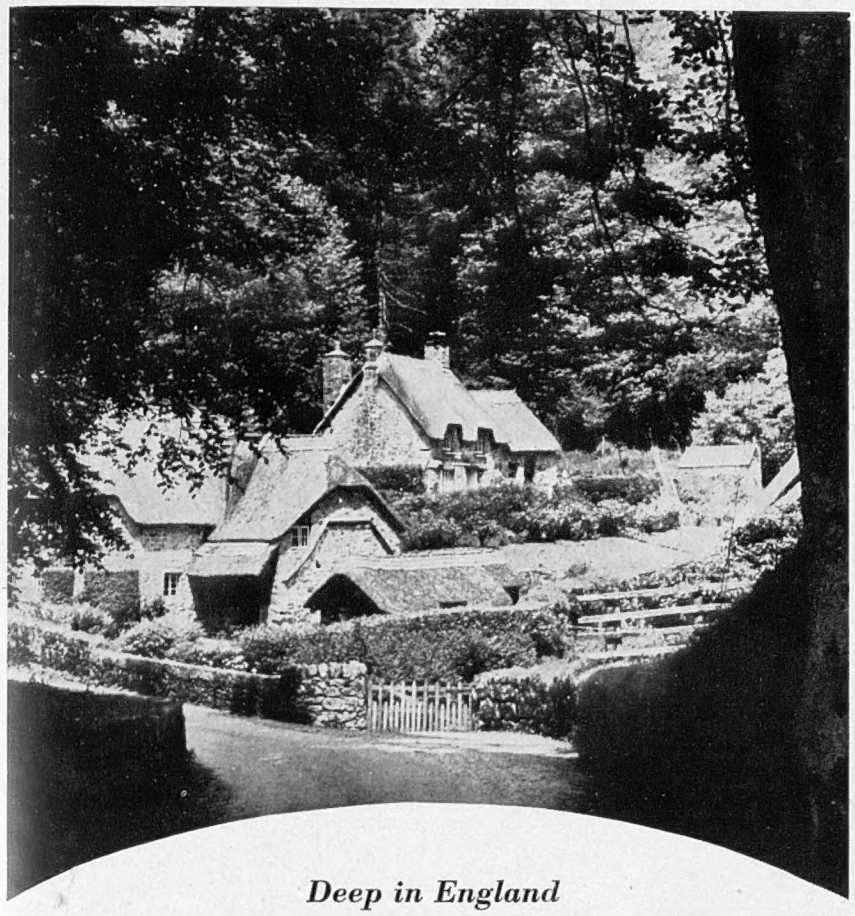
THE COUNTY HOTEL, ROTHBURY NORTHUMBERLAND
This modern, well-appointed hotel provides for your complete enjoyment .... first-class service, well-cooked food, cocktail lounge, own gardens. A.A.*** R.A.C. Vacancies for Permanent Residents. Phone & Grams: Rothbury 6 & 235. And Veteran Motorists.

Near SALCOMBE, S. DEVON. GARA ROCK HOTEL
A sun-trap at the most southerly tip of Devon. A 50-bedroom family Hotel, facing the sea, offering personal service, excellent catering and a particular welcome to children. Tel.: Chivelstone 279.

SIDMOUTH, DEVON. BELMONT HOTEL
Best in its own class. Refined and unostentatious. No music, dancing or cocktail bar, but fully licensed. Famous for catering and comfort, and always abreast of the times. Under same management for 30 years. Special Winter terms for a long stay on application. Tel.: 1261.

ST. MAWES, CORNWALL. HOTEL TRESANTON
A lovely Country House in a Continental setting of sub-tropical foliage and blue seascape. Offers a first-class cuisine, and a splendid base for the pleasures of the Cornish Riviera. Now booking for Easter and Summer. Tel.: 322.

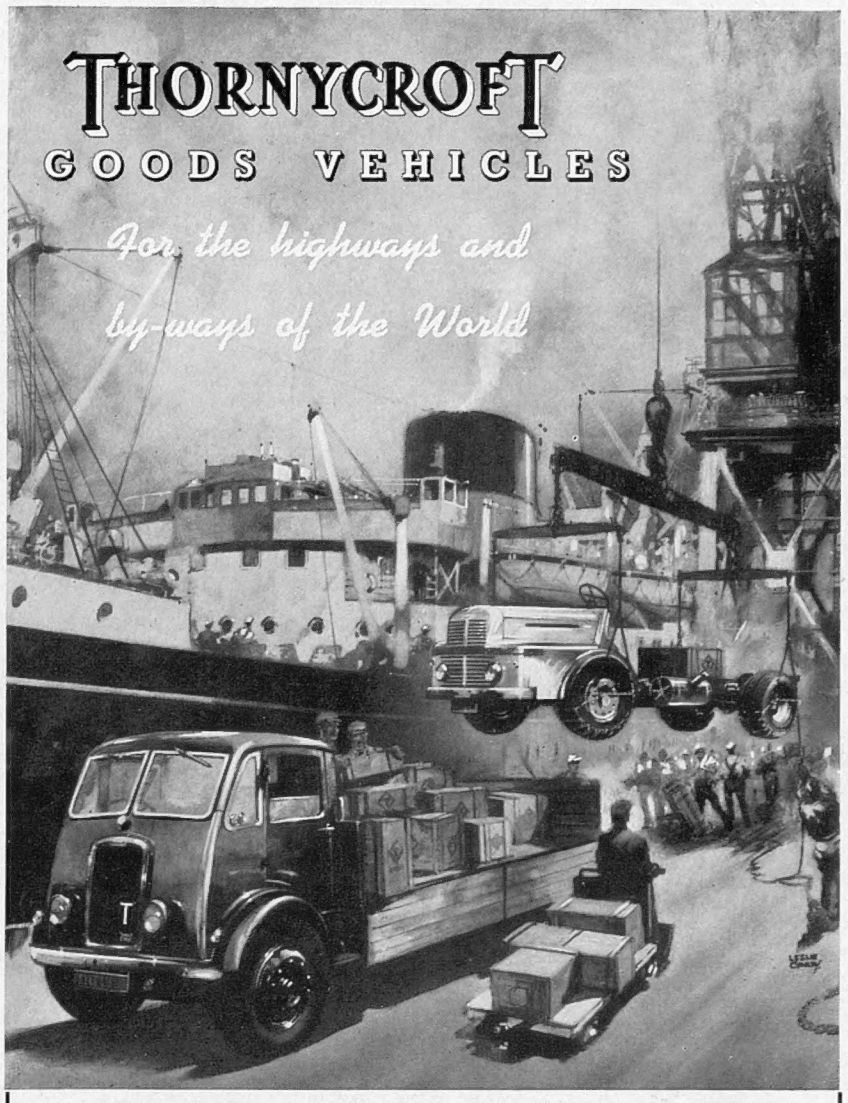
OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY
One of Britain's best run Country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Own Swimming Pool, Sporting Golf Course, Tennis, Squash, Dancing, Billiards—all free to residents. 60 acres grounds, 150 rooms (many with private bath); self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure with pleasure. Weybridge 1190.



Deep in England

A hamlet dreams of its past glories . . . A town remembers its humbler beginnings . . . Both have local traditions preserved and cherished by their inhabitants—and by Barclays Bank. For each branch, assisted by the Bank's Local Head Office system, maintains that intimate service which makes every customer, not only a neighbour, but a friend.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED



Particulars of 2-, 3- and 4-axled types for up to 224,000 lb. gross laden weights, from :—

JOHN I. THORNYCROFT & CO. LIMTED, LONDON, S.W.I, ENGLAND

More and more people are drinking Cinzano

WHITE

Besides the red Cinzano vermouth of traditional fame, here is a new vermouth that is captivating everybody. Drunk alone or with gin the delightfully intriguing flavour of Cinzano **White** is hard to describe but grand to enjoy.

WHITE (Italian sweet)	**16/6**
RED (Italian sweet)	**16/6**
DRY (French)	**18/-**

TRY GENUINE

CINZANO WHITE VERMOUTH

Pleasantly Sweet

FROM ALL GOOD WINE MERCHANTS AND OFF LICENCES

Sole Importers : Giordano Ltd., 24/26 Charlotte St., London, W.1.

18/- per bottle

For those with Sherry palates

. . . including so many of today's distinguished people—the name Marques del Real Tesoro means sherry from ancient Jerez Soleras, of outstanding excellence. Real Tesoro "*La Capitana*," the lightest, crispest of Manzanillas, is a perfect drink for "before dinner." Other palates prefer the refined elegance of Real Tesoro "*Torero*," a smoothly delicate Amontillado Fino for sherry connoisseurs. Those who know sherry will appreciate the distinctive qualities of "*Almirante*," a rich, full-bodied golden Oloroso ; of "*Andaluz*" Medium Dry Amoroso ; and of "*Ideal*," a genial, highly-bred Fino Amontillado.

MARQUES DEL

REAL TESORO SHERRY

(The Spaniards say Ray-AL Tes-ORO which means Royal Treasure)

FROM YOUR WINE MERCHANT *Sole Importers : C. H. Tapp & Co. Ltd.*

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

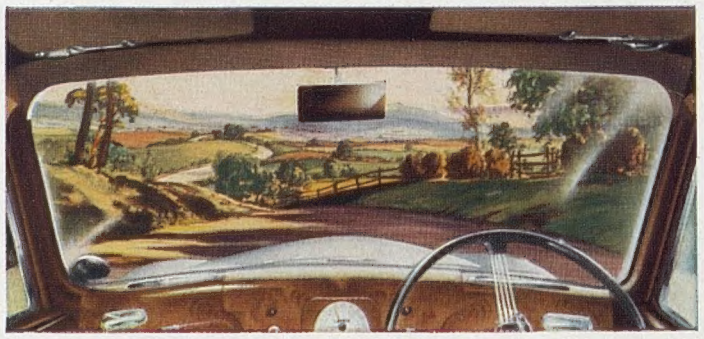
Making light of heavy weather!

L33

Forget the winter cold outside! Under the bonnet of your Lanchester is a built-in heater which circulates fresh warm air throughout the interior. Spacious comfort and convenience are the keynotes of the Lanchester's interior planning. You drive in an easy 'just right' position, thanks to the roomy bench-type front seat with each half separately adjustable for driver and passenger.

WINTER is the testing time for any car—and here the Lanchester shows its sturdy character at its very best. Those qualities you enjoy in summer motoring—the sense of positive control, superb road holding and absolutely dependable brakes—are now your guarantee for care-free driving over winter's treacherous roads. Eager starting in snow or frost is given by the specially designed carburation system which reduces the warming-up period to the minimum. Lithe, lively performance at all times, together with wonderful 'big car' comfort for driver and passengers, place the Lanchester in a class of its own.

When Summer comes a new world of enjoyment is opened up for you in your Lanchester. Every detail of design adds to your pleasure and helps to make the most of the country through which you drive. See how the extra wide curved windscreen gives you an exceptionally clear and unobstructed view of the road ahead. All-round visibility is something your passengers can enjoy, too.



the lively, likeable

Lanchester

BY APPOINTMENT
Motor Car Manufacturers
To H.M. King George VI

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED · COVENTRY

Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, Saturday, March 8, 1952. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.